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AN AIR RACE TO THE NORTH POLE

THE SPHINX UNCOVERED

FIRST TIME FOR 4000 YEARS

Boys and Girls Digging it Out of the Sand

WORLD'S MYSTERY MONUMENT

For the first time in four thousand years the Sphinx has been cleaned bare of sand, and about six hundred boys and girls have helped to do it.

Anything we hear about the Sphinx is interesting, for it is the most ancient mystery of the world. Millions of people have stared at it and thought what a pity it was that the sand should have buried the monstrous creature half way.

Travellers now are seeing a strange sight. They go to see the Sphinx, and instead of perceiving a huge grey shape alone in the desert they spy a gaily-coloured moving crowd humming round it, appearing at a distance like buzzing flies. When they get nearer they see an army of Arab boys and girls working away and singing as they clear the sand from what they call the "S'fink-es."

The Man Lion of the Desert

Everything about the Sphinx is mysterious. No one knows why it was built, or exactly when, or by whose orders. It has the form of the Egyptian Sun God, which was a lion with a man's head and chest.

This massive piece of sculpture was partly hewn out of the solid rock and partly built up with blocks of stone. When the work was done great masses of rock were quarried away, so that the monstrous creature lay in a kind of basin, with the mighty head and shoulders above the desert level.

There has not been a sandstorm in the four thousand odd years that have run their course since the last workmen filed away that has not tossed its tribute of dust into the basin of the Sphinx. While the history of the world has been changing that pit has been slowly filling up with sand.

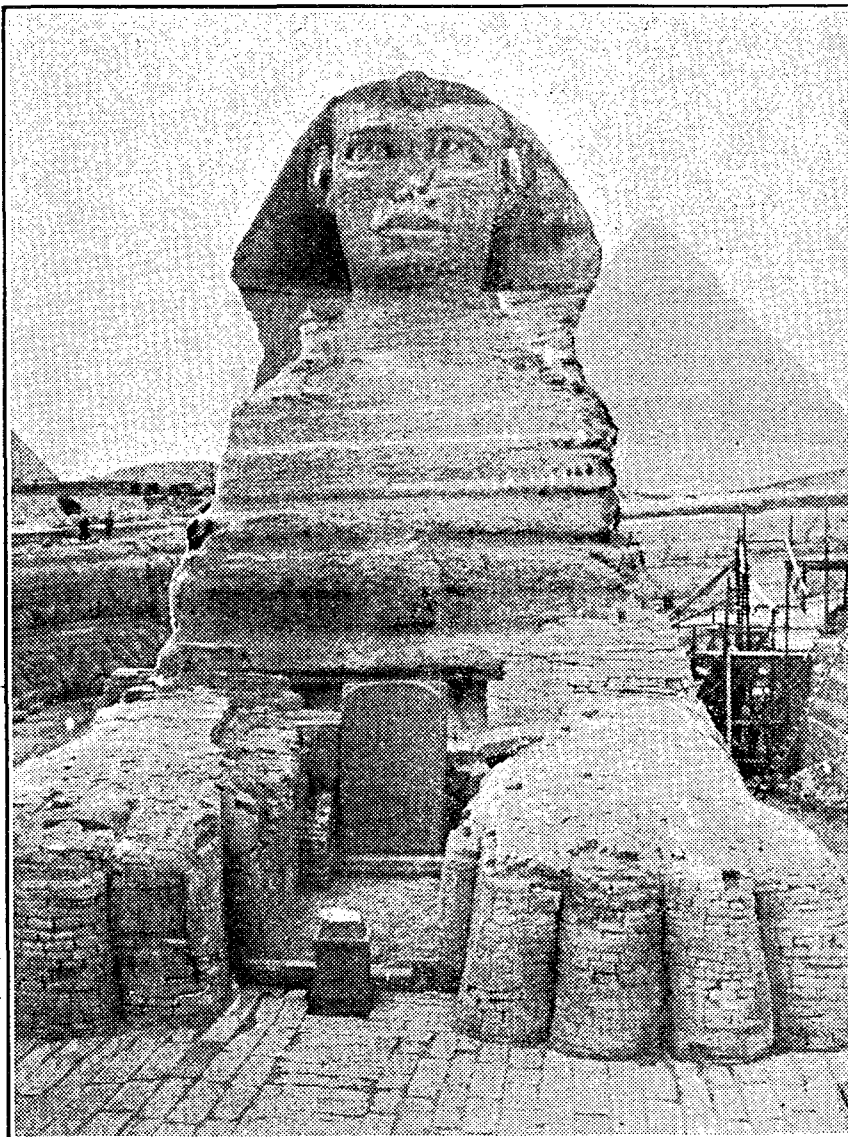
A Prince Goes Hunting

Now that the sand has been cleared away, a six months' labour, we can see the magnificent proportions of this ancient monument. The forelegs make a shrine, with an altar and a large inscribed tablet which tells a story of a prince of the 18th Dynasty who went lion hunting in the desert and rested at midday in the shadow of the Sphinx, which even then was half buried in sand.

While he slept he dreamed that the Sun God visited him and told him that he would be a king, and laid an oath on him to dig away "the sand whereon I have my being, which has closed me in on all sides."

The young man came to the throne as Thothmes IV, and the first thing he did was to dig away the sand and restore the sacred monument. So runs the story of the tablet. It also could tell

The Sphinx Dug Out by Boys and Girls



For the first time for 4000 years the Sphinx has been completely uncovered, and hundreds of boys and girls have helped to bring about this wonderful achievement by digging away the sand that has buried it for centuries. Here is a photograph, just taken, showing the newly revealed pavement between the huge paws. See previous column

us, were not many words worn away, the facts of the building of the Sphinx. We gather, skipping a few gaps, that the monument was built about 3500 B.C. by Khephren, a king of the Fourth Dynasty, who built the smaller of the great pyramids close by.

But another tablet points farther back still, and would have us believe that when Cheops, who reigned long before Khephren, was building the Great Pyramid the Sphinx was already there. So although the tablet has been laid bare and revealed some of the mysteries of the monument we still cannot say in whose reign it was hewn.

It is quite time this hoary piece of sculpture was restored, for part of the huge face has crumbled away and part has been hammered away; quite lately some fragments of the headdress crashed down in the silence of the night, startling some visitors who had gone to see what the Sphinx looked like in the moonlight. The straight, stiff beard which fell from the chin to the chest and helped to hold the head up, being one solid mass of

stone, has long ago disappeared. Many adventurers have hacked at the monument; religious fanatics have tried to destroy its beauty. Someone chiselled a hole six feet deep in the top of the head, looking doubtless for secret chambers full of gold. Thousands of people have left their initials on the Sphinx. It is good to think that workmen are busy repairing the ravages of centuries, that the mysterious scarred head will still face the desert sunrise.

The Arab boys and girls are sorry their S'fink-es is nearly cleaned up. There they have been working in long files, each with a basket of sand on the head, marching up out of the pit of the Sphinx to empty the basket into the trucks of a toy railway that carted the sand away. Some of them are quite small, seven years old; some big boys and girls of fourteen. They have earned about tenpence a day, beginning at 7 and going on till 4.30.

Perhaps they will be able to help with the wall which is being built to keep the Sphinx from being buried again.

LONG LIVE DAISY

THE GREENGROCER'S FAITHFUL FRIEND

Condemned Horse Wins a First Prize

A HAPPY OLD AGE

A fine thing has happened at Barnsbury, in North London, which lovers of animals all over the world will be proud to hear. An old mare of 35 which was condemned to death in peculiar circumstances has been reprieved and sent away to be happy for the rest of her life.

Twenty years ago Mr. Charles Bullen, a greengrocer of Barnsbury, happened to see a thin, weary-looking bay mare in a field at Barnet. He stopped and considered her and walked away. He was wanting a horse, not a bag of bones. But something sent him back to look at the bay mare.

He bought her and took her home, paying no heed to the jeers of his friends. Daisy was housed in a comfortable stable, and for a month was carefully nursed and fed. Then she was put on light work in connection with the business. Mr. Bullen's judgment and faith were justified. The half-starved mare turned out to be an excellent van horse.

A Great Prize-winner

Years passed by and Daisy, which was already old when she was taken from the Barnet field, came to the age when most horses are unfit for anything except a kind pasture. But Daisy went steadily on, repaying the great care and love she received by working her best.

One Easter Mr. Bullen thought he would enter Daisy at the Regent's Park Van Horse Parade. We can imagine the joy of the household when the old bay mare took a first prize. She went on taking a first prize year after year.

Animal Lovers to the Rescue

This Easter Daisy was 35. She was no longer able to work except, perhaps, a couple of hours a day. For ten years she had not drawn the van except at a walk, so anxious were the Bullens to keep her alive and well. The greengrocer was faced by the fact that Daisy must go on the pension list, and he could not afford to keep an idle horse. Rather than let her go to some horrible, unknown fate he decided to have her shot.

While she was under sentence of death the Regent's Park Show came again. Once more Daisy won a first prize—the twelfth she had taken. The news got abroad, and horse lovers everywhere felt that something must be done.

A great many people have written asking Mr. Bullen to allow them to turn Daisy out in a comfortable paddock for the rest of her life. With great joy Daisy's master has consented, and made arrangements with one of his correspondents to take her.

So now we can think of her passing the rest of her natural life quietly in some green pasture, enjoying an honourable old age.

BAGDAD IN DANGER

THE TIGRIS BURSTS
ITS BANKSRiver Ploughs Out a New
Channel

KING'S PALACE FLOODED

Bagdad is nearly twelve hundred years old, and there was a city where it stands nearly four thousand years ago. Perhaps the Tigris had something to do with the disappearance of the older city; certainly it has threatened the present one many a time, yet the only defences against it still are great embankments of earth and rubbish.

The record floods hitherto were in 1923, when they covered five hundred square miles. Now that record has been exceeded. The Tigris burst its banks for two hundred yards a bare mile above the city, and soon the flood waters completely surrounded it.

Work for the New Army

On the river side the city's only defences are the walls and foundations of the houses lining it; on the remaining sides are the piled-up earth and rubbish dignified by the name of walls. Beyond these the reed huts of the peasantry were swept away; within the homes of the citizens, built of bricks quarried from the age-old monuments of the plains and cemented with Tigris mud instead of mortar, could have offered little better resistance had the waters got at them.

So, night and day, the people in thousands, led by the men of the smart new army and encouraged by its new brass band, toiled to pile up more earth and rubbish between the great new inland lake and the teeming city, much of which was a good fifteen feet below the water level.

Great Railway Station Under Water

The river has ploughed a new channel through the gardens of the palace of King Feisal, and it will be difficult to persuade it to turn back. The king was at his country house a hundred miles away when the floods came, but members of his family had a narrow escape, the palace being flooded six feet deep.

But the greatest damage has been done by the flooding of the great North Railway Station, with its laden trucks and bonded warehouses. More than a million pounds' worth of damage has been done, and the floods being an "act of God" insurance payments are unlikely. It is said that a long way away the waters tasted agreeably of the tea and sugar from the station stores.

Threatened men live long, but it would seem a wise precaution to give Bagdad some walls of concrete.

LINKING THE CONTINENTS

Calais to the Cape by Railway

By railway from Cairo to the Cape is a dream coming true before our eyes, but the day is nearing when the journey will begin not at Cairo but at Calais, and if the Channel Ferry or the Channel Tunnel is realised the traveller may take his sleeping berth at Victoria and in due course open his eyes to look through the carriage window at Table Bay.

At present one can go from Calais to Constantinople. From Constantinople, or from Scutari, opposite, another line of the same gauge runs right through Asia Minor to Tripoli, in Syria.

Here there is a break. There is no line from Syria to Haifa, in Palestine, where the Palestine railways are waiting to take the traveller thence across the Sinai Peninsula to Suez. The Palestine line goes through Gaza, from which Samson bore off the gates.

The French are willing to run their Syrian line down through North Palestine. Egypt and the British will meet them at Acre; and when the line is finished the traveller will hear the porters call out the names of Tyre and Sidon as he passes.

HELPING THE FRANC

FRENCH CITIZENS TO
THE RESCUEVolunteers Support the
National Finances

A LOOK BACK IN HISTORY

The National Fund which is being raised with the object of supporting French finance was started with a princely donation from the political director of the Figaro, M. François Coty, who is also a wealthy manufacturer. Contributions are coming in from all quarters, and a respectable total has already been reached.

It is therefore of some interest to recall a previous attempt to restore the credit of France. The revolution of February, 1848, had alarmed the business world. The Rothschilds had just offered the Government a loan and suddenly withdrawn their contract. There was a heavy rush on the savings banks, and the Bank of France was overwhelmed with demands for coin. No taxes were coming in, and the Exchequer was being drained by payments to the unemployed, the national workshops, and the wounded victims of the days of revolution.

Gifts in Money and Kind

A crisis had been reached when a wonderful thing happened. As if inspired by a common impulse citizens of every rank and every shade of opinion brought voluntary offerings to the Provisional Government, which was sitting in the Hôtel de Ville. The staff of the late Chamber of Deputies subscribed 693 francs. The staff and workmen of the Nord Railway brought 7329 francs, 97 centimes, representing a day's wages. A provincial official sent two diamond pins valued at 400 francs, and so on.

On March 29, 1848, when the Three per Cents had dropped from 74 to 38, the Provisional Government issued a national appeal for funds, announcing at the same time the appointment of a committee, which included Béranger the poet and other literary men, to superintend the fund. For three months gifts in money and kind continued to flow in, but by the end of June the total amount subscribed was only 633,995 francs, mainly provided by small investors and officials.

Proofs of Confidence

In those days, it is true, money had a higher purchasing power than today, but it is significant of the growth of wealth that the present National Fund was started with a sum more than 150 times as great as the total raised in 1848. It is receiving support not only from the small man but from manufacturers, stockbrokers, and other rich men, who are thus proving their confidence in the essential soundness of the French business world as distinct from the intrigues of political parties.

SMALLER CROPS

British Farmers Growing Less

In spite of the great increase in the growth of crops during the war British farmers are now growing seven and a half million tons less of the principal crops than they did before the war.

During the ten years before the war these crops amounted to 48,276,000 tons. Last year they amounted to only 40,693,500 tons. The acreage under crops shrank still more, for it is a curious fact that the yield an acre is higher now than it was before the war.

The wheat crop has gone down 11 per cent, barley 15 per cent, turnips and swedes 26 per cent. But potatoes have increased by 14 per cent; and there is a new crop, sugar beet, of 440,000 tons.

IN A CALIFORNIAN
GARDENLuther Burbank's Last
Resting PlaceTHE REAL SECRET OF
ENGLAND'S GREATNESS

Luther Burbank has been buried in the garden at Santa Rosa, California, which was the love and care of his lifetime, and it is to be kept as a lasting monument to his memory.

Just before he died he was visited by Mr. Wilbur Hall, who wrote the story of this last interview for the Curtis Publishing Company of Philadelphia; and he said something about the English and their gardens which every English man and woman will be glad to hear.

"Someone said once," Luther Burbank remarked, "that the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton. I'd like to add a saying of my own to that: The greatness of England was born in English gardens. Taken as a whole there is no people that love their gardens as the English do. Not for the love of show, or display, or pride, but because they love growing things and the beauty they can get from them. And a race that loves gardens is a race that will live."

Fifty Years in a Garden

Mr. Wilbur Hall describes Burbank as a little, thin, grey, red-cheeked wisp of a man in careless clothes; an old hat pulled down, a muffler round his neck, standing on a short ladder to graft a bud on a pear tree.

He said that he had been pruning and planting and spading and mulching for fifty years in his garden, and it had been the joy and business of his life, a sort of second nature to him. And, he added, it was quiet, restful work; it was creative work; it brought beauty into one's life. It taught one patience and a love of Nature, and Nature was a wonderful teacher and friend.

That was Luther Burbank's creed of life; and some of these wise words might be inscribed on his memorial.

A RACE IN HYDE PARK

The Walker and the Runner

People in Hyde Park were surprised recently to see two men racing round it, one of them walking and the other running. The two were doing it for a wager, the runner having stipulated that the walker must not go slower than seven miles an hour.

It might have been supposed by the ignorant, and it was certainly expected by the runner, that the walker would break down first in a trial of endurance. But this proved far from being the case because the walker was a champion, by name George Cummings, who could walk seven miles an hour with ease, and did, in fact, walk twice round the 3½-mile circuit of the Park in 51½ minutes.

The runner, not being a champion, found that trotting at seven miles an hour was too much for him shortly after he had been round the Park once, and he gave up.

The match did not, however, prove anything because famous long-distance runners can do much better than any walker. Kolehmainen the Finn has run 25 miles in two hours and twenty-two minutes, which is an average rate of 10 miles an hour, and 100 miles was run forty years ago by Rowell in less than thirteen hours and a half.

By comparison the best walking feat for 25 miles is about three hours and a half, and for 100 miles just over 18 hours.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Discobolus . . .	Dis-kob-o-lus
Endymion . . .	En-dim-e-on
Tugla . . .	Too-gay-lah
Yucatan . . .	Yu-kah-tahn

VICTORY FOR THE
BRAVEA HAND AND A BRAIN
How a Young Frenchman Won
His Degree

EXAMINATION DAY IN GENEVA

A young Frenchman named Philippe Seiler has just obtained his degree in most remarkable circumstances. He is a medical student at Geneva University and has been working for his finals.

A few days before the examination M. Seiler met with a very serious accident: he was knocked down and badly smashed by a car. When the doctor had finished overhauling him he said it would be about a couple of months before he could even sit up in bed. Several ribs and a thigh were broken, the head and face cut.

Philippe's friends, hearing of the disaster, grieved for him because they knew there was not too much money in the family, and thought it would be impossible for him to sit for the finals till next year.

Astounded His Doctor

M. Seiler thought differently. His right arm was sound and his brain was sound. Intense bodily suffering he ignored altogether. He astounded his doctor by a request to be patched up for the examination.

The medical man talked long and eloquently. Philippe insisted that all you want for an examination are a hand to hold a pen and a brain to think with.

Such courage could not be passed by, and the doctor said he would do what he could. He prepared an extra layer of plaster of Paris and extra splints, ordered an ambulance, and arranged to have several hours free.

The day of the examination came, and the students already in hall were astounded to see a bed wheeled in, with a figure swathed from head to foot in bandages lying cheerfully on it.

Passed with Flying Colours

They gave their comrade a glorious welcome and everybody wanted to help to fix a desk for him. The doctor stayed by his patient to the end, giving him medicine now and again, and sternly keeping his friends at bay when the examination was over.

Victory is for the brave. Philippe got a letter one morning saying that his papers had passed the examiners, and the oral test, which is much more severe, could be undertaken by him, as a special concession, when he was fit.

The medical student said he was fit then. Once more he was muffled in bandages, wrapped like a mummy, as he said, and wheeled into hall. He passed the second examination with flying colours, has got his degree, and now is consenting to be a sick man and be nursed.

THINGS SAID

The manners of today are in keeping with the unloveliness of the environment of today.

Mr. D. Fraser Harris

So long as there is enmity toward each other in the hearts of different peoples it is useless to expect disarmament.

President Coolidge

There are some who aver that the idle apprentice usually outstrips his industrious mate in the long run; but I do not believe it.

Dean Inge

No man has ever really dined who has never been hungry; perhaps today we are too overfed with amusement to appreciate what beauty is.

Sir Barry Jackson

Without moral teaching the immense powers given by civilisation to modern man would certainly be used for malignant and destructive ends.

Mr. Philip Kerr

May 1, 1926

The Children's Newspaper

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A GREAT COMPOSER COMES TO TOWN

RICHARD STRAUSS VISITS ENGLAND

Conducting the Music of His Own Opera

THE DRUMMER ON THE WIRELESS

By Our Musical Correspondent

Richard Strauss has come to England to conduct the music for the film of his opera *Der Rosenkavalier*.

In the making of this film the usual procedure has been reversed. Generally the picture is made and then suitable music is arranged or specially composed for it. On this occasion the music is so important that the picture has been made to fit the music and the composer himself has come to England on purpose to conduct it.

Listeners to the wireless concert in Vienna not long ago heard Strauss as a drummer.

"Did I play all right?" he asked of the man whose place he had usurped.

The incident occurred in the broadcasting studio when the wireless orchestra was performing a Mozart symphony. Strauss had attended to accompany some songs of his own composing when the whim took him to relieve the regular drummer of his job.

Not such a simple matter as the inexperienced might expect. In performing a timpani part knowing when not to play is almost more difficult than actually playing the notes set by the composer. Strauss realised the difficulty, for he was seen carefully counting his silent bars on his fingers!

Difficult Work for the Orchestra

Evidently his counting was satisfactory, for with the conductor's help the symphony was brought to a successful conclusion. It was then that he asked the regular drummer "Did I play all right?" The reply he received must have amused him.

"Oh, yes. You can manage the drum part of a Mozart symphony, but I doubt if you could play the drums in modern music, in *Der Rosenkavalier*, for instance"—Strauss's own composition!

Certainly the modern composer does make exacting demands on all the members of the orchestra, and it is quite possible that Strauss might have found it very difficult to execute the drum part he had written, with the rapid tunings required and its intricate and unexpected rhythm.

RUBBER-HEELED GUARDS

The Silent March of the Soldiers

The old sergeant in Sir A. Conan Doyle's *Story of Waterloo* said, "The Guards want powder—and they shall have it."

Today they want something far less dangerous and more sustaining, namely rubber heels to their boots; and Major-General Lord Ruthven, the considerate general commanding the London District, says they shall have them.

The click and stamp on the parade ground as the heels of the Guards come to attention will in future sound a muffled drum of war; but when the Guards are on the march they will bless the innovation, for the rubber heel greatly lessens the strain and jar on the spine of carrying 40 pounds of equipment. Their march, too, will be almost one of silence.

At present the Guardsman must pay for his own rubber heels, because the day has not yet come when the War Office will so far relax as to provide them as part of his outfit. But perhaps if it is found that rubber heels make for economy in boot-leather the idea may reach headquarters.

MAY DAY IN MERRY ENGLAND



Singing in May morning on the top of Magdalen Tower, Oxford



Dancing round the Maypole



A May Day mummer dancing through the streets of Minehead, in Somerset



The May Queen and her crown-bearer in a Welsh town



The coronation of the May Queen in London

May Day celebrations to welcome the coming of summer have survived longer than almost any other old custom of the English countryside, and even now, so far from dying out, the crowning of the May Queen and dancing round the Maypole are being revived. Here we see some of the picturesque ceremonies that take place on the first day of May

DECEIVING THE EYE

WONDERS OF THE GREAT OPTICAL EXHIBITION

Phantom Hands and Dancing Fairies

SCIENCE AT WORK AND PLAY

Seldom has the Imperial College of Science been so popular as when the Optical Exhibition was held there, because, besides the imposing ranks of spectroscopes, polariscopes, tintometers, aperiodic compasses, retinoscopes which were on view but were hard to understand, there were a number of scientific playthings which everybody could wonder at without having to grasp them.

Several of them were quite impossible to grasp because they were of the nature of optical illusions. For example, there was a sheaf of one-pound notes which were as large as life and quite as natural, and underneath which was the invitation "Take One." But if a spectator had reached for one his hand would have got no farther than a slice of glass—in which the notes were only an image that appeared to be solid.

A Smiling Maiden

There was another mirror in which the living face of a fair-haired girl appeared from nowhere, and opened and shut her blue eyes and sometimes smiled at those who wondered where she came from—she looked so real, but was only a phantom of delight.

There was a phantom of a less pleasing kind behind a velvet curtain, where, when the visitor first looked in the glass his own face was reflected, but when a string was pulled the inquirer's visage was replaced by a skull. In front of a circular, concave mirror a ball was fixed on a pole. As the spectator laid his hand on the ball a phantom hand stole forth from the mirror to join it.

The Floating Bowl

Optical illusions all. And there were plenty of others, great and small. There was an eye that followed one's every movement, though it was nothing but the reflection of one's own; a bowl of flowing water that floated in the air; fairies and acrobats six inches high dancing on a darkened stage, or solidifying in the midst of a darkened room; canaries little bigger than canary seeds, though they fluttered their wings and opened their beaks as if singing, as indeed they were out of sight. What one saw of all these things were the reflections of them, so cleverly contrived that they appeared to be solid realities.

These were the gilt on the gingerbread of an exhibition which is of the most serious importance to the future of the optical industry.

The Wonders of Glass

The beautiful mirrors and lenses which produce pretty and mystifying illusions are the by-products of the glass-maker's science, which otherwise produces the huge glasses, accurate to the ten-thousandth part of an inch, that are fitted to the astronomer's telescopes; or the delicate spectroscopes which will detect the substance of the stars; or the ophthalmoscopes which enable the physician to examine our eyes.

There are other kinds of glasses which, as in the polariscope, can detect the sugar in the chocolate; or in the tintometer will measure colour, as in the photometer the quantity and quality of light can be measured.

There are pyrometers for measuring heat, and aperiodic compasses for telling direction; and when Captain Amundsen's airship, the *Norge*, was starting for Oslo the last thing it did was to take one of these compasses from a stand in the Optical Exhibition.

RING OUT WILD BELLS

THE MYSTERY OF TREBLE BOB MAJORS

Ringing 22,000 Changes in 15 Hours

A TEST OF ENDURANCE

At six o'clock on a glorious spring morning ten stern-faced men climbed into the twelfth-century belfry of the Parish Church in the Kentish village of Leeds (which hates to be confused with the smoky Yorkshire city), determined to complete a peal of Stedman Caters or perish in the attempt.

There are 22,033 changes in a peal of Stedman Caters, and it takes 15 hours to get through them. No one has ever done it yet. The record for the attempt was held by Appleton, in Berkshire, where the business was kept up for twelve hours and a half in 1922. Of course one cannot stop for refreshments when ringing a peal, so it means a fast till the task is done.

Calling a Halt

But alas! by ten o'clock all was over. Only 5900 changes had been rung when the conductor called a halt; not through exhaustion, but because three of the bells had fallen out of their appointed order! Ten shamefaced men were released from their belfry, to meet the ironical gaze of the Appleton deputation who had come to see their record beaten.

But what are Stedman Caters? And why did they not try Grandsire Triples or Treble Bob Majors—much more familiar names to most of us, though sufficiently mysterious instead? Because, in the first place, Triples are rung upon a set of seven bells and Majors on a set of eight, while Caters are played upon nine bells with a tenth to mark the end of each change. Mr. Stedman we shall come to later.

The point about ringing the changes is that the bells must never be rung twice in the same order, and there are standard Methods, as they are called, by which the order is systematically varied. Grandsire is one of them, Plain Bob is another, Treble Bob is a third, and Stedman a fourth.

The Conductor's Work

Think of the ordinary set of eight bells that you have often heard running down the scale at church time. That run is a Round, and the top bell is called the Treble and the bottom one the Tenor. In the simplest kind of change the Treble changes places with one after the other of his neighbours (except the Tenor), leading the dance, as it were, and then climbs up again, the rest following as best they can in order. That is a Plain Bob.

In a Treble Bob the Treble dances in the same direction (down to the bottom and up again), but steps back one between every two steps he takes forward. In a Grandsire the Treble and one other bell get clear runs up and down.

The Dancing Bells

The difficulty in all these cases is for the other bells, while following in the same general direction, to keep out of the way of the leader, or leaders, and give them their clear run. It means sometimes that they must stand still, which is called Making a Place; and sometimes that they must move back a step, which is called Dodging. The conductor, who leads the dance by ringing the Treble bell, tells each of the others when to make a Place or to Dodge by calling out "Bob" or "Single" to the man concerned.

The Method invented in the seven-

THE BAD BOY IN PARLIAMENT

How Should He be Punished?

SUSPENDING AN M.P.

How shocking to think that Members of Parliament should ever be naughty boys and have to be punished!

Twenty-five years ago, when Lord Balfour was Prime Minister, the House of Commons revised its rules. It decided that when a Member refused to obey the Speaker's ruling and the Speaker "named" him to the House a resolution should be passed suspending him from attendance in the House; but the House could not agree as to when or under what conditions he should be allowed to return.

When all the time that the Government could spare for the discussion on the point had gone the question was simply dropped, and it has only now been decided. For a quarter of a century every time a member has been suspended the question has arisen how and when he was to come back. Unless he was to be left outside to the end of the session there had to be a special resolution to bring him back.

The Scale of Penalties

Old-fashioned people when a child is naughty put him to stand in the corner and say: "You may come out when you are sorry." Some children, of course, are sorry at once and say so. Other children are sorry but do not want to say so; while others again take a long time to be sorry but feel greatly tempted to say they are when they are not, so as to get back to their play.

And it is just like that with some Members of Parliament. It is easy to see, then, why many wise rulers of the nursery, while they try to make children sorry, never try to make them say they are sorry as a condition of ending their punishment.

Some people in Parliament have always wanted to keep suspended Members out of the House till they have apologised for their offence; but wise Mr. Baldwin has refused to do that, and has proposed a fixed scale of punishments which has now been adopted by the House of Commons.

For a first offence a Member is to be suspended for five parliamentary days, for a second for twenty days, and for any subsequent offence he must stay out for whatever period the House decides. But there is to be no question of apology.

Continued from the previous column

teenth century by Fabian Stedman, the father of modern change ringing, consists in letting the three front bells have a dance together while the rest dance in couples, these being followed by another three in the same way, and so on. This makes a great many more changes possible than by the older Methods, but, even so, it only makes 22,033 for nine bells against the 362,880 changes of order that are mathematically possible for nine digits.

All this is a very solemn and complicated business, and it is not surprising that the Kentishmen lost their way in the mazy dance before their six-thousandth step!

We must not forget to add that an umpire was present in the person of a member of the Ancient Society of College Youths, first formed by the bell-ringers at St. Martin's, College Hill, a church destroyed in the Great Fire of London in 1666.

MAPPING THE SKY

19 OBSERVATORIES AT WORK

Another Part of the Great Task Completed

MAKING OVER NINE MILLION MEASUREMENTS

Another step has been taken on the long road which the observatories of the world are travelling in company and which at the end will lead to a map of the starry heavens such as never had been dreamed of till forty years ago.

The Cape Observatory has finished its share of the work, and is the third observatory to do so out of the nineteen which a little less than forty years back undertook the task together.

It was at the Cape Observatory, South Africa, when Sir David Gill was Astronomer Royal there, that the great idea first took birth.

Camera Strapped to a Telescope

When Sir David first became Astronomer at the Cape photographers employed old-fashioned plates for their exposures; the modern dry plate was still to come. Consequently photographing the heavens was a very awkward business, because, though the field of stars moves slowly as the Earth revolves, it moves too fast for exposures that would take in the faint pin-pricks of the light of the stars.

Sir David, who was interested in obtaining photographs of the great comet of 1882, hit on the plan of strapping a camera to the equatorial telescope, pointed at the comet but so arranged by clockwork as to move with the general field of the stars. Thus the comet could always be kept in the eye of the telescope, and an exposure lasting several hours could be obtained.

Men of Science Cooperate

It was this success which prompted Sir David Gill to call on the world's astronomers to join him in photographing the skies. To each observatory a part of the sky was assigned, and after the astronomical conference of 1887 one of the greatest combined attempts of science was begun.

Each observatory has to take 1200 photographs to cover the square of sky which is its portion; and there are three exposures for every photographic plate in order to make sure that any speck of light shown on it is a star and not a flaw in the plate.

The plates would be useless unless they were accurate, without a flaw. On each plate some 500 stars impress their images, and every one of those white dots on the background has to be counted, and its place on the plate measured to the one-hundredth of an inch. Each observatory has, therefore, to make half a million measurements, and to catalogue the number and place of more than 150,000 stars.

Movements of the Stars

What is the purpose behind all this work? When it is completed astronomers will know immeasurably more of the structure of the starry heavens and the movements of its suns than they can guess at today. Kapteyn framed the theory that all the stars flow in two interlacing streams; and the way the idea came to him was from an examination of star catalogues made a hundred years before.

When Kapteyn examined the star positions as they are now he could see how far and in what directions they had moved in a century, and so could get an idea of the general movements of all.

In the same way astronomers fifty or a hundred years hence will know with accuracy how millions of stars have moved in the intervening years. They will know, also, if they have changed in brightness. The astronomer of the future will have the unerring testimony of more than 20,000 photographic plates to guide him.

SPEEDING UP A CATHEDRAL

LIVERPOOL'S GREAT ACHIEVEMENT

World's Third Largest Church to be Finished in 14 Years

AN ENGLISH TRIUMPH

The third largest cathedral in the world is growing apace on the heights of Liverpool, and if all goes well it is to be finished before 1940 rings in.

To some of us 1940 seems as far away as the end of the world. But really it is quite near when the matter of building a huge cathedral is in consideration, and for Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, the architect, the mention of that date is a veritable triumph.

The historic buildings of the world have taken far longer to erect than we imagine. St. Peter's in Rome, the greatest cathedral of Christendom, was 120 years in building and absorbed the activities of twelve architects. Seville Cathedral, the greatest medieval building in existence, set up a century earlier than St. Peter's, took the same length of time, and was erected in a period when master builders were responsible for an edifice and the profession of architecture as we understand it was unknown.

These superb craftsmen would have considered it nothing short of a miracle for a vast cathedral to be set up and finished in about 36 years.

Moving 70,000 Tons of Earth

The first stone was laid in Liverpool Cathedral in 1904. The Lady Chapel was finished in 1910. In 1924, in spite of the breakdown during the Great War, the chancel was finished and the cathedral consecrated.

In order to achieve this an immense amount of labour was necessary before any walls were set up. Seventy thousand tons of earth have been removed, and twenty-six thousand tons of cement concrete mixed and laid, for a beginning. This is the kind of labour which we are apt to ignore.

Two Splendid Cathedrals

The cathedrals which are part of the soil and history of Europe have been finished for so long that we can scarcely imagine them incomplete. It will help us to understand the process if we think of the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster and Liverpool Cathedral. These two show us different ways of finishing a church.

In Westminster the actual fabric was set up and the cathedral opened, decorations being left to be added later. The great, bare brick walls are slowly being covered with marbles and mosaics. Scores of years will doubtless pass before this building is really finished.

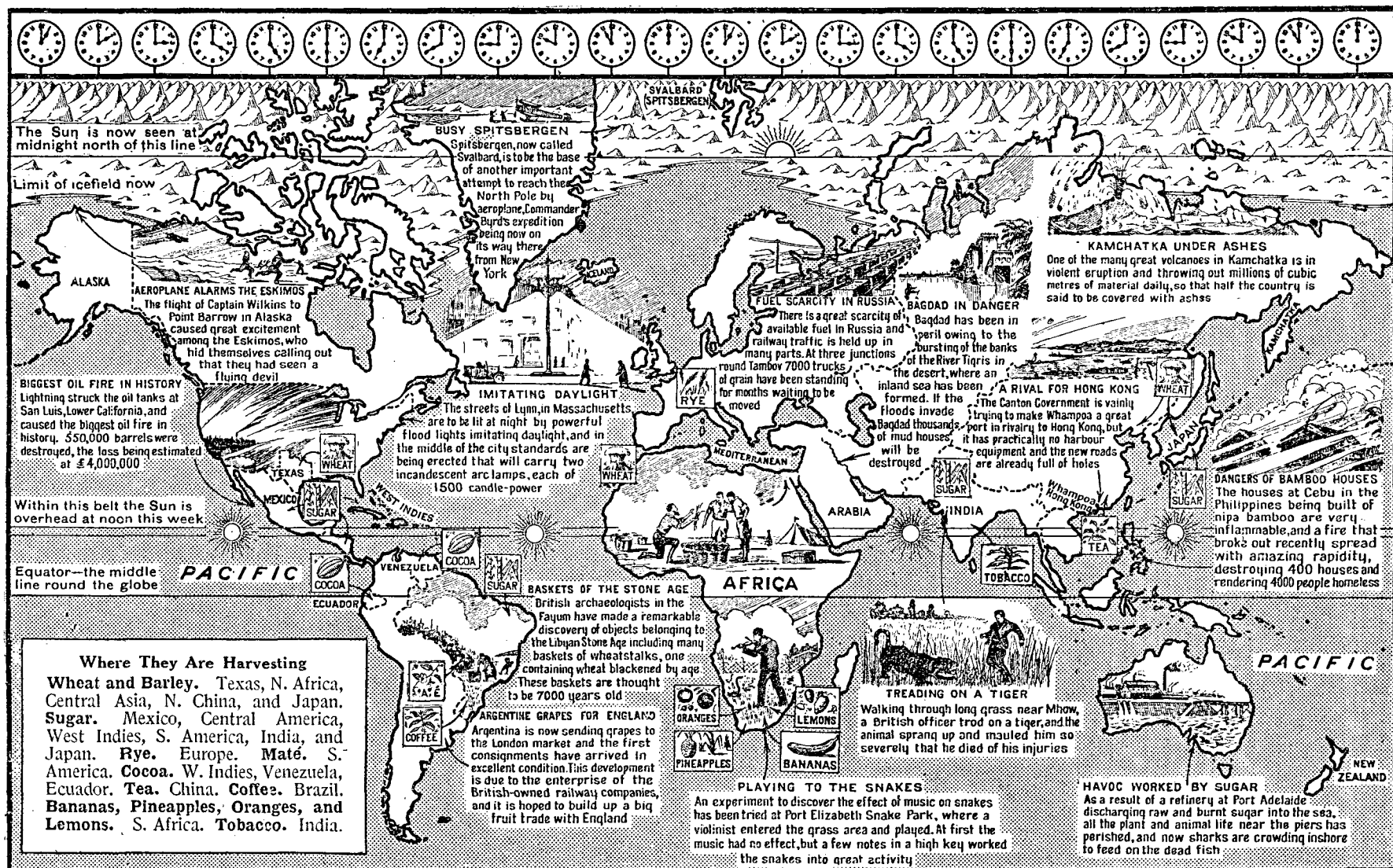
Liverpool Cathedral has been built in sections, each actually finished, decorations and all, before the next was begun. So that when it is "finished" the whole cathedral will be complete.

A Vast Gothic Arch

In this, the greatest Protestant cathedral of modern times, the architect has set himself to achieve the object of the founder, who had no idea at the outset of setting up a vast cathedral but wanted a church where 3000 people could gather together to worship and hear a sermon. The pulpit is to stand in the body of the building against one pillar of a vast transverse arch, one of the mightiest Gothic arches ever built, with a height of 108 feet and a span of 63 feet.

The finished work will indeed be a mighty achievement. The architect thinks there is nothing to hinder the completion in 1940 if financial help is forthcoming. All North Country boys and girls with a penny to spare are remembering the glorious work, and are proud to think that in this cathedral they have a share.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING HARVESTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



POLLUTING THE SEA America Calls an International Conference THE OIL SCUM MENACE

At last an International Conference has been called by America to consider the pollution of navigable waters by oil. It has been obvious for a long time that international action was necessary. We have prohibited the discharge of waste oil in our harbours by ships of all nations, but we cannot prohibit the ships of all nations from discharging oil on the high seas; and it would be difficult, and not much good, to prohibit our own ships while the ships of all other nations continued the practice. Yet the oil scum floats in from far outside the limit of territorial waters, killing birds and fish and making the water unpleasant for bathers. There are plenty of machines available for separating the waste oil from the water and using it again, and compulsion to use one or other of them will do nobody an injustice. Only the action taken must be international. The C.N. trusts that the British representatives at the Washington Conference will press for the most drastic remedies for the nuisance.

THE LONG-LIVED EVIL OF WAR Parable of a Shell

On the banks of the Tugela River, where the Battle of Colenso was fought in the Boer War, a shell which buried itself in the earth on that disastrous December day of 1899 has just been dug up and, exploding, killed the two natives who found it. Thus the evil that war does lives long after it, and a quarter of a century later may be still active for destruction.

INCREASING INDIA'S CROPS What Irrigation is Doing in the Punjab

Seventy-two years ago a young lieutenant of the Royal Engineers proposed to his superiors a scheme for the irrigation of the great Sutlej Valley in the Punjab. That scheme will be completed by 1933 and the opening of the first section of it has just been celebrated by the moving of an electric switch, setting in motion the machinery which raises the sluices of the canal headworks at Suleimanke. The ceremony was performed by the Governor of the Punjab, Sir Malcolm Hailey, in the absence, through illness, of the new Viceroy. But irrigation is not a new experiment in the Punjab. Already there are close upon twenty thousand miles of irrigating canals there, serving ten and a half million acres of crops, exactly equal, as the Governor pointed out, to the land under crops in the whole of England. But little more than half the land actually under cultivation is served by irrigation canals, and little more than half the total area of the Punjab is under cultivation. The land already cultivated produces crops every year to the value of nearly 44 million pounds, and the capital sunk in the canal works produces a revenue of 3s. 4d. on every pound. So the Government that the Swarajists are so anxious to get rid of has not done so badly for the Punjab after all.

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In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Alice in Wonderland, 1st ed. ..	£390
Four Queen Anne chairs ..	£262
A Chippendale card table ..	£262
A Baxter print ..	£250
1st edition of Keats's Endymion ..	£158

A complete set of the first editions of the Waverley Novels, 74 volumes, in original boards and uncut, was sold the other day for £200.

AN OLD LADY'S AIR TRIP First Journey at 86

An old lady of Plymouth, Mrs. Elizabeth Fuller, aged 86, has been up in an aeroplane and, like a certain well-known character, is asking for more.

We have heard of many C.N. readers wanting to make their first flight, but never of an old lady who will soon be looking ninety in the face doing so.

It appears that Mrs. Fuller was told of free flights which were to be granted to a number of women. She at once wrote and begged to be included. Her request was granted, and a car took her to the flying ground.

She was bundled into a thick coat and a helmet, and helped into the plane. There were plenty of people to say the old lady would be sick and sorry, but not a bit of it. She laughed from time to time, and her only regret was when the machine began to descend, as that meant the ride was nearly over.

This incurably young old lady now wants to know what it feels like to stand on the wing of a plane. We must confess that we feel glad to think she will probably have to go on guessing.

A PAPER THAT MOTHER WILL LIKE

Mabs Children's Fashions

There was once a fashion artist whose ambition it was to have a paper of her own, and just over a year ago she published the first number of Mabs Fashions. This has been so successful that it has been followed by Mabs Children's Fashions, the May issue of which is now on sale at all the bookstalls, price 6d.

Every style in this newspaper has been designed by Mabs herself. It is packed with pretty dress ideas for children of all ages. Four pages are in full colour, and paper patterns for a little girl's frock and a suit for a small boy are given with every copy. Tell Mother about this splendid paper.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 1

1926

Burying the Hatchet

OUTSIDE a beautiful old church in the City of London the other day there was posted in bold letters this motto :

When you bury the hatchet
don't mark the place.

Now, the vicar of that church is a man known to thousands of soldiers as the padre in charge of Talbot House in Poperinghe. He made it a place of hope and courage and faith in the darkest days of the war. They called him "Tubby," and now, though he is the famous director of that fine fellowship of men called Toc H, he is still Tubby; and whether on the verge of the battle-front or in the City of London Mr. Clayton (for that is his other name) is a rare hand at notices.

This one sticks. Whether he made it up or found it does not matter; it is something worth putting down and sending round the world, as we are doing now. We commend it to all people of all nations, in reference to all quarrels, before Locarno, after Locarno, through all time and eternity.

When you bury the hatchet have done with it once for all. Do not mark the spot with the thought that some day you will need it again. When you have made up a quarrel forget it.

We should have liked to put up this motto in letters six feet high across the room in Versailles where peace was supposed to be made after the war. The nations of Europe were busy burying the hatchet; but they did not agree not to mark the place. If only they could have seen and read and remembered this motto the history of all these miserable years of carrying on a quarrel would have been different. Why do the nations not employ the Rev. Tubby Clayton to provide notices and placards for them?

We thank him for this reminder of the fact that it is our old-fashioned way to fight well, to win if possible, to make it up, and to get on with the business of living. Whatever the rest of the world may do we must stick to this way and not mark where we have buried the hatchet.

Two hundred years after a war Denmark and Sweden set up a monument with this inscription :

Here the peoples of the same race fought and bled. Their successors, now reconciled, have set up this memorial.

That is good. A German student has laid a wreath at the foot of a war memorial in Cambridge; that is better. Two men who fought against each other in the war, and might well have killed each other, are now friends on neighbouring farms in Canada. That is better still. To bury the hatchet and to forget where it is laid—that is the way of life for all of us.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



1930

HAVE you made your plans for 1930?

The plant lovers of England have. They are inviting the botanists of other nations to visit them in London four years hence. It will be hard for anyone to plead a prior engagement.

They issued such an invitation for 1915, but when the time came the botanists of the world were handling rifles or dressing wounds instead of pruning roses and spraying greenfly.

Hitherto when people of all nations have met together it has usually been to discuss unpleasant matters, like war, debts, or disease; but this Congress will deal in things that are beautiful.

It seems a pity that it must meet in a London room. An English meadow in June would be much more suitable. Will no duke lend his country house to the friends of the flowers?

The Mole on the Face of Locarno

THERE is a mole on the face of the Locarno Treaty, but we hope it does not greatly matter.

In the East a mole on the face is regarded as beautiful. Years ago an Amir of Afghanistan signed a treaty with us, Sir Louis Dane being the English representative. The treaty was engrossed on parchment, and when the Amir was about to sign an attendant upset the ink over one of the copies.

"After all," said the Amir, with a smile, "it is the contents of the treaty we care about, not its looks. This is only a mole on its face!" Whereupon Sir Louis Dane, with great felicity, quoted the words of Hafiz: "I would give all Samarkand and Bokhara for the dark mole on the face of my lady-love." This, being a very well-known verse to all present, was received with great applause.

So that we will take the Eastern view of the mole on the face of Locarno.

A Reading Party

ANYONE who knows Burslem, and has seen the crowd of factory hands pouring out of the works, would be amused if he could imagine the tiny beginnings of the English potteries. Nowadays, no doubt, the workers are better off, but in the past a very pleasant, intimate bond often existed between them and their masters.

One of the Wedgwoods would read aloud to his men in the dinner hour or after work was done in the evenings. He chose the sort of books that a working-man seeking for knowledge would choose: Macaulay was one of the favourite authors. Nowadays the employer is a distant person, seldom seen, and the employees have swollen to such huge numbers that they could not be gathered round a book, as of old.

What a pity it all is! It is unlikely that Mr. Wedgwood was much troubled with strikes, or that his men had any wrongs to complain about.

People who Put Up the Income Tax

MOST of us are wondering where all the money goes. Here is where some of it goes:

It costs the Office of Works a hundred pounds a week to pick up the rubbish thrown down by people in Hyde Park.

That is what the litter-people cost us, and if we count up all the parks we find that these untidy people are much more trouble than they are worth. The next time you see a man throw down a piece of rubbish in the street remember that he is not only spoiling the beauty of the town but is putting up the income tax.

Tip-Cat

A MAN recently swallowed a thermometer. He was determined to make the temperature go down.

NOTE from our chauffeur: The self-starting car has long been with us. Who will give us the self-washing car?

THE taxi ranks as a luxury. When it is a necessity it comes off the rank.

THE average woman is said to be two inches taller than she was.

This may be nothing more than a stretch of imagination.

HAIRDRESSING is becoming a career for women. One in which they start at the top.

MISS FILM STAR says she is going to marry Mr. Film Star. Mr. Film Star says she is not. Who knows?

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL is said to be bursting into light brown boots. Better than if he were bursting out of them.

WOMEN ought, it is said, to get the wages of men. They do, when they marry them.

MR. FORD has bought the shop of Long-fellow's Village Blacksmith. We understand somebody is trying to sell him the remains of the Hesperus.

Early Risers

I'm glad the Tulips are contented
To do their work so soon;
Some lazy flowers have not consented
To rise and dress till June.
It's good to see them up stirring
While roses take a nap.
That's why the Catkins all are purring,
And Palms begin to clap!

To Die This Century

In the Twentieth Century war will be dead, the scaffold will be dead, hatred will be dead, frontier boundaries will be dead, dogmas will be dead; man will live. He will possess something higher than all these—a great country, the whole Earth; a great hope, the whole Heaven.

VICTOR HUGO

Troublesome Pat

By his Captain

One of our good friends, an admiral now retired, sends us this fragment from his recollections of a life's work at sea.

SOME years ago a young Irish sailor who served under me (his name was Pat) was a most troublesome man, constantly breaking his leave, drinking, and using bad language; he was invariably on the Black List.

One day a picnic was arranged for the ship's company, and they spent an enjoyable day in the country. Pat broke out of the ship that night, landed, behaved very badly, and broke back into the ship during the early hours of the morning. He thought no one on board knew about it, and as I had been privately informed I felt I could take no action in the matter.

But on the following day the men were fallen in, and I said to them: "I am going to speak to you as from man to man. When an officer does all he can for your enjoyment, and is repaid by one of your number (here I looked straight at Pat) breaking out and bringing discredit on the ship, that man does not play the game; he is no man. Let him think that over." The men were then fallen out, and no further notice was taken of the matter.

A Changed Man

From that time Pat gave no further trouble. He became foremost in the men's sports, leading hand of their theatrical party, and eventually became a petty officer. He afterwards served in three ships with me, and his conduct was exemplary. Finally, while on the River Niger expedition, he contracted malarial fever, from which he eventually died. I visited him on his sick-bed when he was at death's door. I could see that he wished to say something to me, so I bent over him, and he whispered in my ear: "I was no good, sir. You made a man of me. Thank you, sir."

I was all unconscious of what I had done for him, and a lump rose in my throat. I could not speak, but I pressed his hand in mine and we understood one another. He had taught me a lesson; he had disciplined himself. I had helped him in this world, he said. He may help me in the next. Who knows?

Song of the Little Chimney Sweep

The First of May

The wind goes to and fro in a rush
To sweep the clouds away,
But I have hidden my own black brush
And need not sweep today!

I've been down where the water flows,
I stripped and jumped right in,
And now a lovely feeling glows
Beneath my warm white skin.

Tomorrow will be as black as night,
But this is the first of May,
And I may stand all clean and white
Upon my Holiday!

ESTELLE BOUGHTON

Moral perfection consists in living each day as if it were our last, without anxiety, without cowardice, and without hypocrisy.

MARCUS AURELIUS

CRICKET BEGINS

WHO WILL WIN THE TEST MATCHES?

A Season of Great Interest and Excitement

NATIONAL AND COUNTY PROSPECTS

The eagerly awaited cricket season is at hand. The Australians are in our midst, and excitement over our incomparable summer pastime rises higher than ever.

In spite of the astounding extension of tennis over the world and the multiplication of courts in every direction the total of cricket clubs and of club membership increases steadily.

Naturally chief interest centres in the five contests between England and her doughty opponents from Australia. They hold, and have long held, the championship. Can we in three days twice dismiss our redoubtable rivals and make sufficient runs to give us victory? We must hasten if we are to win the earlier matches; the last Test may claim five days for its decision.

A Great Team

If we are to accept Australian estimates there never was such a team as that which is now here: batsmen all; supreme bowlers, superlative fieldsmen.

Our visitors have been blamed for the excessively confident manner in which they have written of their prospects. But that is not fair; the articles were written at the invitation of English newspapers, and it would have been strange had the Australian prophets produced a series of timorous, half-hearted reviews predicting Australian defeat when victory really is expected.

English cricket is steadily on the up-grade. Shining lights appear in the ranks of the younger batsmen to back up Sutcliffe and Hobbs; Notts has young Larwood training on to share the burden of bowling with Tate, Macaulay, Kilner, and Woolley; and in fielding we are getting back to the standard of Jessop, A. O. Jones, Ranji, and Tunnicliffe. We have the best pair of batsmen, the best bowler, and probably the better fielding side. There is no reason why we should not beat this "unbeatable" Australian team. The Armada was invincible until put to the proof.

Surprises that May Occur

The Test Matches will seriously affect the County Championship, and the season may yield some surprises. With international players withdrawn several times from such teams as Yorkshire, Lancashire, Middlesex, Notts, Surrey, and Kent, the less powerful sides may attain to the level of the heavier brigades, and elevens such as Leicestershire, Gloucestershire, Hants, and Sussex may cause unexpected results.

The temporary absence of the men of established fame will be of advantage in a double sense; it will level up sides in an unusual degree, and it will bring into county teams players who might have had years to wait and have been lost to premier cricket.

County Rivalry

In the end the struggle will lie again with the old Big Six, as we call the leaders, with Surrey still weak in bowling but powerful in batting; with Lancashire as brilliant if uncertain as ever; with Middlesex always a danger; with Notts a decided possibility; with Kent a terror to the best sides in the land; but with Yorkshire still overshadowing all unless she is regularly denuded of her wonder men for the country's service.

We might need Sutcliffe, Macaulay, Kilner, and even Holmes four or five times; then we should see what power is latent in the champion county's reserves. But whatever the issue, national and county, a season of tremendous interest and happy rivalry is here, and England's fields will be thronged beyond precedent.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Two blind boys took part in the British Boys' Chess Congress at Hastings.

Pollution has covered the surface of the Birmingham-Worcester Canal with dead fish for several miles.

Free Trips by Aeroplane

For two months aeroplane passengers between Genoa and Palermo are to be carried free.

The Rajah's Big Bag

The Rajah of Gauripur and his party have shot 17 tigers in 15 days near Sorbhog, in Assam.

British Compass for the North Pole

A British compass has been fitted in Amundsen's airship, the Norge, to replace an Italian compass which had been unsatisfactory.

A Lighthouse Blown Down

One of the oldest lighthouses in the United States, built in 1764 at Cape Henlopen, off the coast of Delaware, has been blown down by a gale.

Ivory hunters have to pay £40 for a licence to shoot elephants.

Chinese and Japanese women clerks are becoming quite common in large California shops.

Motor v. Railway

The value of the motor roads and the motor vehicles in the United States exceeds that of the railways.

A Million Kinema Seats

There are now about 3000 kinema theatres in Britain, with nearly a million seats.

A Five-Ton Magnet

The reorganised locomotive building works at Crewe will contain a five-ton magnet which will pick up a truck of pig-iron like so much iron filings.

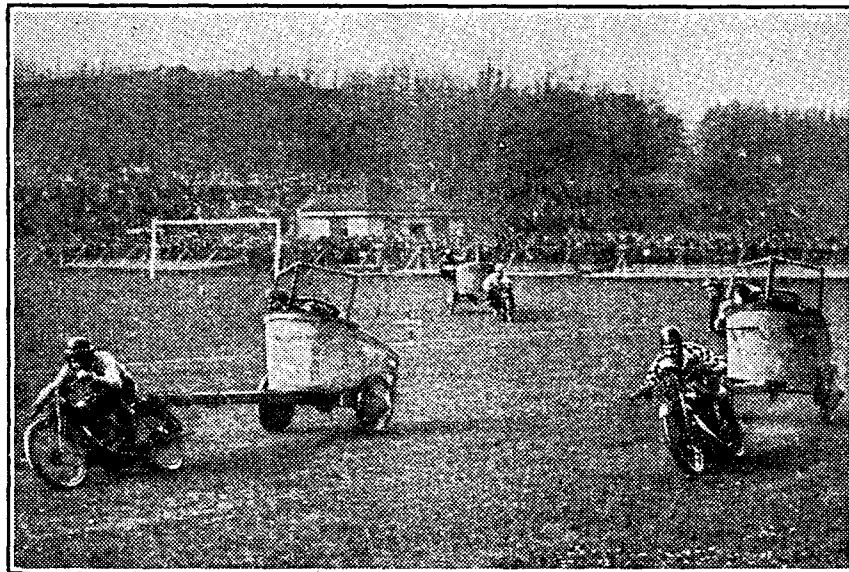
The Motor Ship's Progress

The motor ships under construction in the world amount to 913,099 tons, and the tonnage of steam vessels now building is 1,078,236.

THE CHARIOTS GO RACING



Scouts chariot-racing in camp at Edgware



Motor-cycle chariots rounding a corner

The old Romans took their chariot-racing seriously but these two pictures show that Scouts and motor-cyclists regard it only as a good idea for a happy game. The Scouts in the top picture are racing with two trek-carts as chariots

THE MOTH'S LITTLE TIN COOP

ABOUT a year ago there appeared in the C.N. a paragraph pointing out that the seizure by Chinese brigands of 38 masters and students of the Canton Christian College might send up the price of silk.

The reason was that the Agricultural Department of the college carries on an important work among the silk farmers by distributing disease-free silkworms' eggs to them, and if this work were permanently interrupted silk cultivation would suffer.

"I saw this paragraph when the C.N. reached me in China, and sent it on to some friends in America," the Rev. Alexander Baxter told a C.N. correspondent, and he has told us, also, about the method of working at the college.

The moths are placed in little tin coops on a sheet of paper. The eggs, when laid, adhere to this, and by moving the coop about several layings are obtained on one sheet. Before these egg-sheets are sold to the silk farmers the moth responsible for each batch of eggs is killed and examined under the microscope. If it has any sign of disease its eggs are destroyed.

The result is that, whereas in the past 70 per cent of the silkworms were diseased, the healthy eggs are now steadily reaching this percentage, and are leading to much better silk being produced. The civil war, however, around Canton has been a great bar, for the silk farmers cannot get about easily to carry on their business.

AIR RACE TO THE POLE

GREAT BARRIER OF FOG

Strange Sights of the Never-Never Land

AN AERODROME ON THE TOP OF THE WORLD

Captain Amundsen has won one race to the Pole, the South Pole, and any day we may hear that the airship Norge, which sailed through Italian skies so recently, has dropped from the bleak heights above the North Polar sea the emblem which the explorer carries to denote that he has conquered the North Pole also.

He has promised to drop a heavy iron pick tied with the flags of Norway, Italy, and the United States on the exact spot where he believes the Pole to be; and if it is possible he will land there. But when he declared that no risks would be taken he was doubtless thinking of some of the troubles that the airship had when landing at Pulham. The blasts of the frozen Arctic Ocean may be far more difficult to cope with than the easterly winds that blew across Norfolk in the second week of April.

Cloud and Mist

Something of what the voyagers on the Norge may expect to see has been told by another aeronaut, Captain Wilkins, of the Canadian Arctic Expedition, who has been making dashes across the Alaskan Mountains to that Arctic region beyond which might well be called the Never-Never Land. In reading of Captain Wilkins's air raids into that strange expanse one cannot help wondering whether his daring might not prompt him to emulate Amundsen's attempt, and race him to the Pole from another side of the Arctic Ocean.

The obstacle that faces both is the gateless barrier of fog. It has hampered Amundsen already, and Wilkins has described it as he saw it on the Polar slopes of the Alaskan Mountains. The landing wheels of the aeroplane when it was 10,000 feet high were in cloud and mist, through a rift of which they sometimes saw the mountains.

The Land of Silence

The landscape, or the seascape, about the Pole is all the same. There is no sound, no living thing, no sight but the unvarying, crumpled floor of ice, except in the clouds above it. The Sun rolls round the horizon, never sinking; the sky is of a deep blue that is never seen elsewhere. Probably the cloudy heights are full of frozen particles. Captain Wilkins has described what he called a circular rainbow round the Sun, which, though it seems to have been more of the nature of a mock-sun or solar halo, must have been a superb sight. In the centre was the Sun, with the deep blue sky surrounding it within four great circles of light.

On the Norge Amundsen carries a full equipment of the most modern compasses and other instruments in order to determine with the utmost accuracy when he is soaring over the Pole. Without them the spot would be of the greatest difficulty to determine, and any aeroplane competitor would be able to do no more than hope that he had passed over it.

Meetings at the Pole

Nevertheless Captain Wilkins is not Amundsen's only rival. Lt.-Commander Byrd, of the American Navy, was projecting about the same time a dash from Spitsbergen. It would be strange, indeed, if in the air above the region which no feet but those of Peary and his companions have ever trod aeroplane and airship should encounter one another. It is a remote possibility now, but in the future it might be a common occurrence if the hopes of the explorers were fulfilled that somewhere in the Polar ocean they might find a stretch of land on which an aeroplane might alight on a trans-Polar journey.

A FINE THING CALLS TO YOU

ONE OF THE NOBLE SIGHTS OF SUSSEX

The Transformation from the Slums to the Rolling Downs THE CRIPPLE MADE USEFUL AND STRONG

Ten thousand fine things are being done in the world, all supported by the goodwill of the great heart of the common people.

Now one of the finest of all these things is calling to this great heart for help, and because the Editor knows how great and good a work it is for England he sends this story out into the world.

The story begins in the slums of South-East London, where children who are lame and deformed creep out of the way and hide from jeers and blows, children who live amid unchanging scenes of ugliness and stare when you speak of buttercups and daisies. A mother and her companion went out and made friends among the cripples of the slums. Many of them were members of a small society called the Guild of the Brave Poor Things.

In the Peace of Sussex

One day there came to the mother and her friend a great desire to carry away a few of these miserable ones into a home set amid green fields. The mother had two children of her own and she spread out her arms and took six more—little Brave Poor Things, all crippled. She took them past the roar of the town and out into the wide peace of the Sussex weald. She set them down there, and these crippled boys and girls heard the lark, saw flowers and butterflies and bees; saw the lovely land rippling away to the rim of the South Downs. They sat and watched and listened, and could not say a word.

For nights they woke in terror lest they might find themselves back in that desolate region of brick and stone, and instead they saw a smiling face near and heard thrushes at the open window.

Home and Happiness

That was 23 years ago, and today, on the spot where those Brave Poor Things found their first joy, at Chailley, in Sussex, rises a noble group of buildings called the Heritage Craft Schools and Homes for Cripples. They have meant home and happiness to nearly a thousand children. The mother of the first few Brave Poor Things is the mother of them all still, Mrs. Kimmins, founder of the Heritage; and the friend of the first few is the friend of them all still, Miss Rennie.

This is one of the finest things that has ever happened in England. Hundreds of Brave Poor Things at Chailley have learned not to mope and whine whatever happens; they carry sunshine in their hearts, and they smile in a way that would shame many a boy or girl whose body is sound and strong.

An Undefeated Army

You can see them limping about, often with only one leg, sometimes with no arms, and instead of being creatures to pity, soldiers already fallen in the battle of life, they are a glorious, undefeated army. They lift up their sweet voices and sing of their happiness; they pretend so hard to be like other people that they seem to forget they are different. They have grown up in the fine Craft Schools that have grown up with the Homes. Here have been boys who had no arms painting with their toes. You can see a company of cripple boys merrily hammering at the last, mending the shoes of the Brave Poor Things, working at the carpenter's bench, and getting so clever that they can build huts for themselves. You can see crippled girls learning housework, needlework, and dressmaking. You can see boys working on the farm which grows the produce for the Homes. They stay

ITALY'S BIG MOVE NO MORE STRIKES OR LOCK-OUTS

Mussolini's Big Scheme of Arbitration for All

EXPERIMENT THAT EUROPE WILL WATCH

Industrial justice without strikes or lock-outs is the aim of a new law the Italian Parliament has passed under the instructions of Mussolini and the Fascist Party Executive.

A complete system of legal arbitration has been set up by the establishment of a labour section for each of the sixteen district appeal courts, consisting of three judges with two experts to help them. Disputes of all kinds which might lead to a strike or a lock-out must be brought before them, and their decisions are binding.

Associations formed by workmen and employers are to be called syndicates, and may be registered so as to become the legal representatives of their members; but only one syndicate can be registered in each district for the workmen or employers of each trade in that district. Once it has been registered it is considered to represent all the people belonging to the trade, whether they have joined it or not; its decisions are binding upon them, and they must make what payments it calls for.

Penalties for Defying the Law

All this means, for practical purposes, that every worker and every employer must join the trade association in their district. The armies on both sides are regimented and disciplined, not so that they may fight, but so that they may be prevented from fighting!

They have compulsory arbitration in Australia, but again and again the decisions of the tribunals have been defied, so that it has become customary to say that you cannot compel people to accept arbitration. Even Mussolini could not put in prison everybody who took part in a big strike. But the new law provides very heavy punishments for people convicted of organising any defiance of the law, and it is believed that in this way the very beginnings of trouble may be prevented.

All Europe will watch the new experiment with the deepest interest. Its success depends chiefly on the justice and fairness of the decisions of the courts. If serious injustice is done the scheme is bound to break down sooner or later. If the scales are really held evenly between master and servant Italy may yet teach the world a great lesson.

Continued from the previous column

at the Homes till they are about 16, and then pass on into some useful trade.

They have been saved from untold suffering in mind and body, from being a byword and outcasts in society; they are going out into the world self-respecting citizens.

Now the Mother of the Heritage is unhappy because she has not enough room and not enough money. There is no endowment for the Homes and every year huge expenses have to be met. And therefore she says to C.N. readers:

Will you stop and think of what life means to you, and what it means to those cripples in the shadows of the slums? Will you help them into the sunshine? Think of the great army of the C.N. readers dancing along toward manhood and womanhood, and think of my poor little regiment stumping along trying to keep time, and making the best of it.

If every C.N. reader will do a little this work of transforming the lives of the Brave Poor Things will be lifted up, and one of the noblest pieces of work in the world will be established on a rock.

Two things you can do: you can send a little help in money quickly, and books or papers for these cripples to read. Please post on your copies of My Magazine and the C.N.

THERE WERE GIANTS IN YUCATAN

BUT THEY HAD NO WHEELS

A Wonderful Causeway Fifty Miles Long

SHRINE OF A LOST RACE

If they were not giants, the lost Maya people, whose hidden city of Coba Dr. Gann has found in the forests of Yucatan, built as if they were.

To the city the track led for fifty miles along a causeway from Chichen-itza, and their Sacred Way, along which the processions of priests and princes and nobles passed on their way to sacrifice in the holy city, was all of cut stone blocks, faced and squared, thirty-two feet wide, and built two feet to eight feet above the forest floor. A giant's causeway indeed! How many reverential feet must have trodden it in hope or in dread! No wheel ever passed over it and no beast of burden, for the old Mayas knew neither.

The City of Awe

By the side of the causeway are the quarries from which the stone was dug by thousands of labourers for hundreds of years. Three great monoliths stand by the way, a monument to greatness and to labours that are alike forgotten. At last the long road comes to the wide lagoons, and on the isthmus between them stands the City of Awe.

A vast city it is, with great squares and open places set at different levels, with temples surmounting terraced pyramids, and great flights of stone stairways. It lived through centuries of magnificence and alterations and decay; more than one dynasty was lord over it. It was for centuries full of life and busy workmen, most of whom were employed in adding to its priestly glories.

Pyramids and Temples

Among the strangest and most persistent features of the city, now overgrown by the bush and the trailing forest, are the pyramids. There are pyramids in the immense city itself which were in some way associated with the temples and with worship. Their summits may have been crowned with altars or with sacred fire. There is a vast terraced pyramid of stone by the western lagoon. It is the highest building in Yucatan, and on its topmost platform is a small temple with a little courtyard and the paint on its walls still showing, though from its courtyard one looks on to a forest where no human habitation is visible. Nothing is seen except the white bones of the past.

On the north-east of the great pyramid is a great stairway 120 feet wide, with steps four feet deep; and this leads to yet another platform and yet another stairway. Every stairway, every platform, every pyramid, seems to lead to another, but all are dead which once were thronged with living people, and were the shrines of the extinct Maya race.

STILL THINKING ABOUT IT A Reform Overdue in India

There were 40,000 women working underground in mines in India in 1922, and 25,000 above ground. In the same year there were 787 children working underground and 3260 above ground. Since 1924 the employment underground of children under thirteen has been forbidden. Not a tremendous reform!

The Indian Government has the power to forbid the underground employment of women too, and it has been thinking about it for three years, but has come to no decision.

THE PREACHER OF LOVE LANE

GIVING UP AT 80 TO WORK HARDER

A World-wide Crusade from a Westminster Slum

FOUNDER OF THE CHURCH ARMY

Our friend the senior Rector of the City of London, Prebendary Wilson Carlile, is in his eightieth year, and has decided to retire. He has worked hard all his life and has well earned a rest, but that is not why he is retiring.

He is at the head of a world-wide religious organisation, and he wants to have more time to look after it. In its service he hopes to tour India this year, and perhaps America next year, working harder than ever. A strange sort of retirement for a man of nearly 80! But then Mr. Carlile is ever young. Last year he and his sister took a Union Jack over to Joan of Arc's church at Domremy.

From Small Beginnings

Prebendary Carlile began life as a City man, like his father before him. He was a devoted admirer of General Booth, founder of the Salvation Army, and it was at the General's wedding that he first met his own wife, who died last year. Eight years after his marriage he resolved to enter the Church, and within two years he founded his own Church Army in the Westminster slums.

That was 44 years ago. His office was a little room in the Strand. He borrowed a hundred pounds and bought a cheap wooden desk (which is still in use), a table, two chairs, a piece of oil-cloth, and a safe; and from those beginnings the Church Army grew till now it covers the Earth and handles revenues approaching half a million pounds a year.

Why the Church was Kept Dark

Dr. Carlile (for Oxford gave him a degree in 1915) became Rector of St. Mary-at-Hill, near the Monument, in 1892. The church in Love Lane was to be pulled down, and all he was expected to do was to draw the salary. Instead of that he started services for the poorest of the poor, and they have gone on ever since. That people might not feel ashamed of their poor clothes he kept the church dark, showing the words of the service on a screen with a magic lantern, and leading the singing with two or three brass instruments.

Now there are a ladies' band and a cinema, which is shown not only on Sundays but every day at lunch time, when the people working in the neighbourhood may bring their lunch and eat it as they watch. Tea and coffee are provided free, but the free-will offerings of the lunchers more than pay for that.

A Preacher with a Helping Hand

Dr. Carlile does not preach from texts but from the happenings recorded in the daily papers. He is a moving and eloquent preacher, but his handshake and his practical help have done more than his preaching to make Love Lane a source of hope and encouragement to the tempted and the outcast.

And now the work must be taken up by other hands, but the leader's inspiration and guidance will remain for many years to come. The C.N. sends its greeting to an old friend of all good causes, whose unselfish work will live long after him.

30,000 MILES AT FIVE

Bunty Fenton, aged five, has already travelled over thirty thousand miles with her parents. She was born in China, and, coming home to England, she afterwards visited Canada and the Western States of America, returning by the Panama Canal.

A TRAGIC DAY IN HISTORY

PITIFUL CELEBRATION
The Man Who Would Have Set
Millions Free

ACT WHICH MIGHT HAVE SAVED RUSSIA

The Bolsheviks who rule Russia have celebrated the anniversary of the assassination of Tsar Alexander the Second by bestowing pensions on the 15 survivors of those who carried out the plot. Thus they acclaim not only a hideous offence but one of the most tragic blunders ever committed in the long history of their unhappy land.

For the assassins slew the man who was to have been their Liberator, when he was in the very act of freeing them, when the ink of his signature was barely dry on the deed of emancipation, when only a few hours were to elapse before the issue of Russia's Magna Carta.

A Romantic Mystery

Alexander achieved one immense reform and contemplated a second. In 1861 he freed the Russian serfs; in 1881 he was to give the nation a constitution, political freedom, a parliament, a voice in the fixing of taxes, a share in moulding the policy of the enormous empire. Had he lived 24 hours longer he would have seen the mass of the Russian people redeemed from a bondage in which they were bought and sold like cattle, made free and settled on the land as peasant proprietors, and then created citizens with high political rights.

Only a few people knew of this coming reform, and only a month ago did the world know of the romantic mystery which really underlay it. For many years Alexander entertained the most profound regard for a lady much his junior, the Princess Yuriefski, as she is known to history.

The Great Decree Signed

Amid all the plots and counterplots of Court and political life, amid the terrible schemes for the destruction of his life, Alexander turned to her for counsel and comfort, and when he became a widower he secretly married her, and desired to make her his crowned empress.

She was not a royalty, and this fact, it was represented, might shock the nation unless he associated some measure of popular reform with the coronation. He needed little pressure in the direction of reform, and it is believed that the gentle Yuriefski was a powerful advocate of the proposed measure.

Finally the great decree which was to make Russia politically free was signed. All was in readiness for its publication on the morning of March 14, 1881. A day earlier the Tsar had to go out to inspect his Guard. He stopped on the way to say to Yuriefski, "I have just signed a paper which I hope will show Russia that I am ready to give her all it is possible to give."

Probably No Great War

He went to the parade, and as he was returning a bomb blew his carriage in halves; then as he extricated himself unhurt from the wreckage a second was thrown, and almost shattered his body to pieces.

This mad and hideous felony killed reform in Russia. The criminals murdered not only Alexander but Russian liberty. For the script of the great edict lay in the State archives unpublished, dead as its creator; and Fate, like a Pharaoh, hardened its heart again and would not let the Russian people go.

There is no tragedy in modern history comparable with this, for a free and enlightened Russia would have changed the whole course of subsequent events. There would have been no war with Japan to weaken her, and with a free and powerful Russia there would probably have been no Great War.

DISPUTE ABOUT A BACILLUS

Microbe Appears in the
Law Courts

LEARNED COUNSEL DISCUSS A TINY GERM

That pushing young particle the bacillus has found its way into the law courts, and it is characteristic of it that the special bacillus which has enlisted counsel to plead its case was cast up by the war.

Its name is By, and By was isolated by Dr. Weizmann, the bacteriologist, when Great Britain was very hard pressed for some of the materials which go to make the explosive cordite.

Some who were children during the war may remember that they were set to gather horse-chestnuts for their country. It was because these contain a substance out of which another part of the explosive can be made. But it would not have been of much use without the notorious By.

Dr. Weizmann discovered By, and found that this little demon bacillus, when trained to work on the starch of maize, could break it up and wring out of it wood-alcohol.

Cordite from Wood-Alcohol

Wood-alcohol has a name almost as dangerous as war; but fortunately it is far too unpleasant, besides being too poisonous, for anybody to drink. But the wood-alcohol which we owe to the billions of Bys which Dr. Weizmann trained and disciplined to attack the starch, and the acetone that also could be produced, combined to give cordite to the troops.

Such is the story of By, which might have remained hidden in the chemistry books and the archives of the Patent Office if it had not been that somebody besides Dr. Weizmann wanted to use it for something else. But, though Dr. Weizmann had made a free gift of his discovery to the country when it was in need, he had patented the bacillus and had no mind that anyone else should profit by any other powers it might be found to possess.

It was, therefore, a patented By that appeared before Mr. Justice Romer in the High Court of Justice; and after a twenty-one days' hearing it was decided that the bacillus belonged to its discoverer and that nobody else must employ it without his permission.

HOW TO BE HAPPY

A Canadian Experience

A practical letter from one of our readers in Canada, in the south-west of the province of Saskatchewan, is a good illustration of the kind of experience that leads to success in that country.

Our correspondent was brought up on a small Suffolk farm, went to London in early manhood, and worked there four years. Then he served for nineteen months in the Boer War as a Yeomanry cavalryman. Almost immediately after his return he went to Canada, and worked in Toronto in the railway freight sheds for a time before gaining some experience on the land. Next he spent three years in the United States, working on the land in summer and in the towns in winter, and thus gaining wider experience.

Then, in 1909, he crossed again into Canada and took up homestead land in Saskatchewan. Now he is farming 320 acres, and this year is renting an additional 160 acres. He sums up his experience in the words: "I am satisfied with Western Canada; a farmer can live and prosper." But the secrets of success are a sound knowledge of the country's farming methods, plenty of hard work, and sticking to it through early difficulties.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN HISTORY

A Schoolboy Sees a Sad Sight

On April 28, 1801, Lord Shaftesbury was born.

Anthony Ashley was happy at Harrow, and the place should be sacred in the eyes of all philanthropists because it was there that, when he was fourteen years old, he consciously and definitely gave his life to the service of his fellow-men.

He chanced to see a scene of drunken indecency and neglect at the funeral of one of the villagers, and exclaimed in horror, "Good heavens! Can this be permitted simply because the man was poor and friendless?" What resulted is told by a tablet on the wall of the Old School, which bears the following inscription:

Love Serve

Near this spot

ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER afterwards 7th Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G., while yet a boy in Harrow School saw with shame and indignation the pauper's funeral which helped to awaken his lifelong devotion to the service of the poor and the oppressed.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor.

G. W. E. RUSSELL

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

How Did Harley Street Get its Name?

It was named after Edward Harley, the second Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, who died in 1741.

What is Ball Lightning?

A curious and freakish form of lightning which takes the form of a ball of fire falling to the Earth and often travelling about on the ground. It is frequently very dangerous.

What is the Discobolus?

An antique copy in marble in the Vatican at Rome of an original bronze statue of a quoit-thrower by the Greek sculptor Myron, born about 440 B.C.

What is the Meaning of Catching a Crab in Rowing?

To catch a crab is to sink the oar blade so deeply in the water that it cannot be lifted easily and therefore tends to throw the rower over.

Why is the Elder Tree So Called?

The name elder is from the Anglo-Saxon *ellarn*, meaning kindler, and is supposed to be a reference to the hollow branches being used, like bamboo in the Tropics, to blow up a fire.

Who Was the Author of Doctor Syntax?
William Combe, a humorous poet and novelist, born at Bristol in 1741. He first wrote Dr. Syntax's Tour in Search of the Picturesque in the Poetical Magazine, and republished it as a book in 1812.

Is a Spider an Insect or an Animal?

It is not an insect, because an insect has six legs and a spider eight. It is an arachnid. The general term animal is applied to all creatures of the animal kingdom from the lowest up to man, so that a spider is an animal.

What is the Origin of the Mace?

The mace was originally a weapon of war and was used by the ancient Egyptians and Assyrians. Later it became also a symbol of dignity and authority, probably when ecclesiastics carried it in battle as a weapon, being forbidden to use the sword. Edward III granted London in 1354 the privilege of using a mace.

Who Was Quintus in the Bible?

There is no Quintus mentioned in the Bible. Possibly the name may have occurred somewhere as a misprint for Quartus, a Corinthian Christian who joined St. Paul in his salutations to the brethren in Rome. See Romans, chapter 16, verse 23. Tradition makes him one of the Seventy and later Bishop of Berytus.

When and Why Was the Capital of India Changed from Calcutta to Delhi?

On December 12, 1911, King George the Fifth, accompanied by Queen Mary, held a Coronation Durbar at Delhi, when the transfer of the capital from Calcutta to Delhi was announced. It was intended as a compliment to Indian sentiment, Delhi having been the scene of much of India's ancient glory.

GOLDEN ARCTURUS

HISTORY OF A GIANT SUN

Yellow Star 19 Million Miles
in Diameter

A GLOBE OF RAREFIED GASES

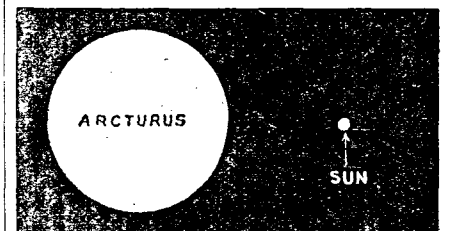
By the C.N. Astronomer

The lovely golden Arcturus, now present in the evening sky after dark, may be found rather more than midway between the south-east horizon and overhead about 9 p.m. and due south at midnight.

Away to the south-east of the tail of the Great Bear, Arcturus will be readily recognised, being the brightest star up there. This great sun was one of the first to be measured by the interferometer of the Mount Wilson Observatory, and though not a giant of the immensity of Betelgeuse or Antares it is far greater than our Sun.

The average of the measurements indicates that Arcturus is about 19 million miles in diameter. This is based on the trigonometric measurements of its distance, showing that its light has taken 43 years to reach us, and therefore that Arcturus is 2,800,000 times as far away as our Sun.

Though a yellow sun, suggesting that it is similar to ours, actually this is not the case, Arcturus being a giant of the K class. It is not so hot as our Sun, which is of the G class; nevertheless, thousands of millions of years hence, Arcturus will become a yellow dwarf



The relative sizes of Arcturus and the Sun

sun similar to ours, when Arcturus will be much hotter than it is now.

At present it is radiating a surface temperature of about 4100 degrees Centigrade, whereas the temperature of our Sun is between 5500 and 6000 degrees Centigrade.

Arcturus is, in fact, a globe of highly rarefied gases at a yellow heat; this during long ages to come will continue to increase until it reaches the terrific heat of the Orion type, or B class, of sun, when it will be at a temperature approaching 24,000 degrees Centigrade.

By that time the diameter of Arcturus will be very much less. The whirling vortices of atoms which at present take up so much room will then, in consequence of the immense radiation of energy into space throughout the ages, have become condensed into heavier elements, the atoms of which will nevertheless whirl and clash together with even greater fury, generating a much greater heat.

How Stars Grow Old

Consequently Arcturus will then shine as a bluish-white star. Later on, after the lapse of some hundreds of millions of years, the heat will diminish to between 11,000 and 12,000 degrees Centigrade, when Arcturus will have become a white-hot sun enveloped in incandescent hydrogen.

But by then Vega and Sirius will have become old and yellow, probably more advanced in age than our Sun is now; while our Sun will have dwindled to a rosy, glowing furnace, developing possibly a solid surface, incapable of sustaining life on our dark and cold world.

Long ages ago Arcturus was a giant red sun at a temperature of only 2800 Centigrade or less, similar in size and condition to Betelgeuse and Antares. It was less dense than our atmosphere, and had a diameter probably as great as Jupiter's orbit.

G. F. M.

Other Worlds. Venus, Jupiter, and Mars south-east in the morning. Saturn south-east after about 9 p.m.

SMITH OF ST. QUENTIN'S

A Risky Adventure

By Gunby Hadath

What Has Happened Before

A brief synopsis of what has happened before appeared in last week's issue.

CHAPTER 11

From One Smith's Point of View

THEIR friend the waitress and her two colleagues were growing busy as customers were beginning to come in and dispose themselves round the room at the little tables.

Glancing round cautiously and nudging his chair closer, John Andrew said again:

"Do I?" in a strange tone; and added slowly: "I'm not so sure about that."

Jazz Smith, as it appears that he was to be called, only stared. And then the blank bewilderment cleared from his face, which assumed the expression of one who perceives that a remark he has made has not been heard properly.

He raised his voice to repeat it. "I said—" he began.

"Not so loud!" he was cautioned.

"All right. We've got this table to ourselves. I said that what we want to fix now is how we are to swop back to our right schools."

"Yes, I heard you," sighed John Andrew. "I'm not stone deaf yet. And I answered that I wasn't so sure about that."

"About what?"

A hard and bony object shaped much like a claw—astonishingly hard and bony it felt, though being actually nothing more formidable than John Andrew's hand—left a plate of fancy cakes which it was exploring and fastened on Jazz's wrist. Possibly the grip was meant for a caution. Or was it to steady him for that which was coming?

In a gloomy whisper it came: "I'm not so sure about swopping back."

Jazz Smith stared in earnest.

"Oh, my aunt!" he articulated. This deplorable habit of his of invoking his relative appeared to exasperate the bony-handed John Andrew.

"Your aunt," he remarked almost sourly, "has nothing to do with it. I told you yesterday in the train that she hadn't. The point is—do you or do you not like St. Quentin's?"

Bouncing on his seat, Jazz uttered: "It's fine!"

"On second thoughts," sighed John Andrew, looking him over, "I don't believe I did get the right name for you. You're always jumping about like a pea in a pan, but Jazz doesn't fit you quite. I must find you another." His mouth twitched. "I'm a whale at names," he declared, "and I've got a better one for you on the tip of my tongue. Yes, I know! You're Fruppeny."

"Fruppeny! Why?"

"Why is a goat called a goat and a sausage a sausage? I'm blest if I know. I only know your name's Fruppeny."

And this delivered he looked immensely relieved.

"That's settled," he pronounced. "Now we'll get back to business."

"Right!" grinned Fruppeny, ex-Jazz, wondering what weird name he'd be given next, and liking this surprising chap more and more.

"If you had your way, Fruppeny, would you stay on at St. Quentin's?"

"I would."

"You would rather be there than at a dingy little show with half a dozen boarders and twenty odd day boys?"

"Why, naturally I would."

John Andrew leaned closer.

"Then why don't you stay there?" he whispered.

This took Fruppeny's breath away. This was too killing. This chap was too ridiculous! Too absurd—utterly!

"Why don't I stay there?" he uttered, when he recovered his breath.

"Yes. Why don't you stay at St. Quentin's?"

"How can I?" said Fruppeny lightly. "I don't belong there."

"Who knows you don't belong there?"

Could the man mean it? Was he serious? Well, he sounded serious enough.

"My people know I don't belong there," smiled Fruppeny.

"Who else knows?"

"No one," said Fruppeny thoughtfully.

"No one else knows. On the contrary, you've been received there. You've been popped into a House. Your Housemaster has shaken your paw and said, 'Happy to see you, Smith. Make yourself at home, Smith. How do you do, Smith?'"

"He didn't," grinned Fruppeny.

"He said, 'Mind you swot.'"

A sharp breath, as of pain, was drawn up through John Andrew's nostrils.

"And think!" he ejaculated.

"It might have been me!"

"It might," chuckled Fruppeny.

"What a stroke of luck! What a huge stroke of luck! If it hadn't been for my guardian's business engagement and a seedy, deaf old caddy, where would I have been? I'd have been the mouse in your Housemaster's trap, being told to look out for myself if I didn't swot hard. Phew! What an escape!" groaned John Andrew.

"I was puzzled," said Fruppeny.

"Why he did jaw like that. I can see it all now. For he'd heard J. A. Smith didn't work much. But you've only escaped from the trap for one night after all."

"Oh, is that all?" uttered John Andrew.

"Is it indeed! We'll see about that. One thing at a time, as I told you. Now, all your shirts and hankies are marked J. A. S.?"

"I told you so yesterday."

"And you told me, too, that our Christian names are the same?"

"Yes, my Christian name's John Andrew the same as yours."

"Good! Then you're properly described in the school register as John Andrew Smith. Aren't you?"

"I suppose I am," owned Fruppeny.

"Being John Andrew."

"Gooder and gooder! And you've nothing at all about you on your luggage which would give you away?"

"But all this is so silly!" protested Fruppeny.

"It's not silly. Keep to the point. Can they possibly find out that you're not their John Andrew Smith?"

"You mean unless I tell them?"

"Yes, of course I mean that."

"No, I dare say they couldn't," said Fruppeny, shaking his head.

"But there are my people—"

"Leave your people alone for a bit. You'll be dragging your aunt in next, and she gives me a headache."

"You've never seen her," grinned Fruppeny, bobbing up again in his seat.

"And don't want to," he was assured in the mournfullest tone.

"So the point we've settled is this—that so long as you keep mum not a soul at St. Quentin's can dream you're not me."

CHAPTER 12

From the Other's

JOHN ANDREW ordered another pot of tea and stirred it vigorously before he went on.

"Now," he proceeded, watching Fruppeny over the rim of his cup as he sipped, "we arrive at my point of view. I'm in clover at St. Quentin."

"I wouldn't have thought so."

"I am. It is the place for me absolutely."

A subtle spasm passed over the dreary features and brightened them as the dawn touches up the sky.

"In clover," repeated the gloomy voice, suddenly spirited.

Then the forefinger of one hard, red hand was upraised and the forefinger of the other was laid against it. "I have five good reasons for wanting to stay. I'll tick you them off."

"For wanting to stay at St. Quentin!"

"Yes; five good reasons," said John Andrew, in dreamy accents.

"Number one, I shall have the time of my life there."

"Number one," nodded Fruppeny.

"Number two." The second finger came up. "Number two, I won't have to do very much work there."

"Number two," murmured Fruppeny.

"Number three, good grub is my motto, and Maggy's grub is A 1."

"Number three," agreed Fruppeny.

"Reason four—and this is very important—there's a chap at St. Quentin whose nose I simply must pull. And how, I put it to you as a sensible person, can I pull his nose if I'm not there to pull it?"

"How can you?" grinned Fruppeny.

"Exactly. I'm glad you see that. And now for the last reason." John Andrew dropped his hands and thumped himself on the chest. "Reason five," he announced. "I'm a prefect."

The shock very nearly threw Fruppeny out of his chair.

"You!" he spluttered. "Did you say you were a prefect?"

"I did," said John Andrew, with a great assumption of style.

"Oh, my 'aunt!' gasped his audience.

This time the invocation of that legendary lady passed without rebuke from the lips of the dignitary, who continued with a grander air than before even.

"Do officers abandon their ship? They do not. John Andrew, prefect, will never abandon St. Quentin." And he gave his chest another resounding thump.

When Fruppeny had recovered a bit from the shock he said:

"But are you seriously proposing that you and I should change places?"

"I am," said John Andrew.

In a choked voice Fruppeny gasped: "What about our people?"

"I've thought of that. Our amiable imposture, as I call it, would not be doing any harm to your people. Far from it. You at St. Quentin's will be getting far more than they are paying for!"

"And what about your guardian?"

"He won't be hurt. I'll get less at St. Quentin than he is supposing, but then he's not paying for me with his own money."

"Whose money is he paying for?"

A Wonderful NATURE MAP

The ceaseless round of Natural Life in the Countryside week by week

Every week the picture companion to the C.N.—the Children's Pictorial—contains a most fascinating Nature map and picture gallery of England. It will show you clearly exactly what is happening in the countryside—what trees and plants are in blossom, what birds are to be seen and heard, and many other interesting items of Nature news and photographs. Buy a copy of this splendid picture paper today!

CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

Every Tuesday - - - 2d.

"With mine!" groaned John Andrew. "I've stacks and stacks of money when I come of age. It's rot that I should have to blue some beforehand on being made to swot!"

"Jolly rot!" laughed Fruppeny, almost exploding. "But how could we keep our people from knowing that we'd coolly changed places? It couldn't be done."

"There are ways of keeping it from them from our people."

"Oh! Then you don't propose that we should change places for good," remarked Fruppeny, in a mocking tone which granted nothing.

He raised his cup to his lips to finish his tea.

"I haven't said for good—yet," replied John Andrew guardedly.

This was too much. Fruppeny laughed so much that his tea went down the wrong way. He spluttered, caught his breath, went into a choking fit.

On his feet in concern John Andrew was joined by the waitress. And a young man, who had just come into the room, strode across and slapped the sufferer's back.

Recovering, Fruppeny leaned back, speechless and helpless, with an awful feeling that circumstances were too strong for him. Circumstances, in the solemn shape of John Andrew, waited with a glass of water in hand.

"Have another swig," groaned John Andrew.

"Yes, drink it down," bade the young man.

"Take a sip! It will do you good," fluttered the waitress.

Fruppeny stretched a feeble hand toward the glass.

In the act his eyes passed John Andrew, crossed the waitress, and came to rest on the young man who had slapped his back. He was a thin young man in a soft collar and knitted tie, and a bag of golf clubs rested against the chair he had sprung from.

"You, sir!" gasped Fruppeny.

"There! Don't get up," answered Mr. Dean. He looked at the patient as though he were trying to recall his features to memory. "Why, yes, of course!" he exclaimed. "You are one of our boys!"

The patient dropped a mute and desperate head.

"You're one of our new boys, aren't you? You're in my House, aren't you? If you had been in your school cap I should have known you at once. Let me see." Mr. Dean reflected. "Now, what is your name?"

From John Andrew's side of the chair a hard, bony hand came into furtive contact with Fruppeny's wrist. He moved his wrist. But the bony hand kept in touch.

"My name is J. A. Smith, sir," Fruppeny mumbled.

"Of course, of course! I remember you perfectly now. You're the boy who wants to see me, I think, before Prep?"

"Yes, sir," mumbled Fruppeny, in a tone that might have meant anything.

The Housemaster's keen eye regarded him; then he laughed. "Well, you nearly choked yourself out, Smith," he said. "My golf was finished earlier than I thought, so if you like you can come and see me as soon as you get back. Don't be late for call-over. It's at five o'clock today."

"No, sir," stuttered Fruppeny.

Then the master's gaze flitted questioningly to John Andrew and traversed that mirror of fashion's razor-edge trousers. "You?" he inquired. "I don't seem to recognise you. You're rather like this Smith of ours. Any relation?"

Fruppeny's heart seemed to stop until the reply came.

"No, sir. None, sir," John Andrew's voice was quite steady. "I just happen to be at another school here, sir."

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Dean, with the slightest of smiles.

"I," said John Andrew, most solemnly, "am a prefect, sir."

"Good for you!" laughed Mr. Dean.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Great Navigator

DURING the 20 years before 1500 and the 20 years after there lived a daring voyager who should always be remembered alongside Columbus. He was the first to do what Columbus set out to do but never did when he discovered America. That is, he reached the East Indies sailing westward.

This voyager was a Portuguese, but he was serving Charles the Fifth of Spain. That was all the fault of the King of Portugal. Our hero had been out to India as a volunteer with the first Viceroy that Portugal sent there. He had fought and had been wounded. He had served his country in East Africa. Again he had fought in India and had been wounded. He had sailed to the Malay Peninsula, to Cochin China, and to the East Indies, fighting often and winning promotion by the bravery he displayed.

Seven years had passed in this way before he returned home. Afterwards he had fought again in Morocco for Portugal and had been lamed for life, and yet the ungrateful King of Portugal, instead of rewarding him, dismissed him from his service.

So angry was the brave man at this treatment that he disowned his country and became nationalised as a Spaniard. The Spanish King agreed that he should command an expedition sailing westward to the Spice Islands. It consisted of five little ships of between 60 and 130 tons burden. There were about 275 men on the five ships.

They started on September 20, 1519, crossed to Brazil, and traced the coast southward till they reached Patagonia, where they wintered. The crews wanted to return, and mutinied, but were suppressed. When spring came they continued to hug the coast southward till they found a passage past the Land of Fire, Tierra del Fuego, but one vessel slipped away and deserted.

The passage of the Pacific took 98 days, and only two uninhabited islands were seen. Water and food failed, and the crews were almost helpless when they reached the East Indian Islands. There they rested, and made friends with the natives. In fact, they became too friendly. The captain, ever a fighter, was induced to help a native chief against an enemy chief, and in the fighting was killed.

He had, however, reached a longitude which years before he had reached by sailing eastward. So he had sailed round the world, the first man to do so. One ship

of the little squadron with 31 men reached Spain, and brought the news of their leader's death. The passage they found in to the Pacific is named after our hero. Here is his portrait. Who was he?





DI MERRYMAN

A TEACHER was giving an arithmetic lesson to her class.

"Now, Tommy," she said to a small boy at the bottom of the class, "which would you rather have—a whole apple or two halves?"

Without hesitating Tommy replied that he would prefer the two halves.

"Why?" asked the teacher. "So that I could see if it were bad inside," explained Tommy.

Built-Up Word

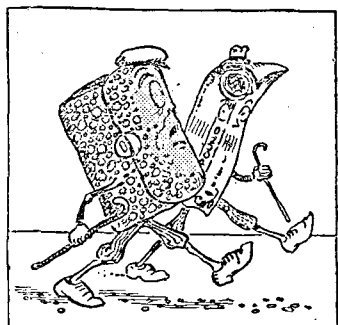
MY first and my last are alike
You will own;
My second and fourth are the same;
Of either my first or my fifth,
Be it known,
My third just its half will proclaim;
My whole is a compliment
Frequently paid
To ladies of every grade;
Behold me and then it is
Often said
I'm first of the kind ever made;
Curtailed but this last, and then
Truly the name
Of a lady my letters convey;
Read backwards and forwards,
In each way the same;
Now tell me this riddle, I pray.

Solution next week

Up and Down

A FATHER was reproving his son for being late for breakfast. "Why, Dad, I was up with the lark this morning," said the boy. "Well, then, don't stay up with the lark so long. Come down in time for breakfast."

Come-Alive Characters



Friends Who Must Part

THE Wallet and the One Pound Note
Strode onward o'er the gravel.
"I don't go far," the Note confessed,
"When I'm with folks who travel."
"Then part from you," the Wallet said,
"I must, though I'm unwilling."
And so he changed the One Pound Note
And went home with a shilling!

Logic

A VERY reflective old shark
To a dolphin addressed this remark:
"If the catfish can purr,
As some people aver,
I presume that the dogfish can bark!"

Hats of the World



Canada

WHAT nut is never found growing on a tree? A doughnut.

Simple Arithmetic

THE owner of a sweetshop said to his assistant:

"I am going to sell these sugar-sticks at a penny a dozen cheaper, so in future you must give one more for a penny."

What was the price for a dozen?

Solution next week

Cash On Delivery



"I'm writing up to town for fish," said Snip, "as you can see, because this nice new postal scheme appealed at once to me." "What kind of fish?" asked Snorum. Snip chuckled, "C. O. D.!"

Is Your Name Porter?

THOSE who bear this name are descended from someone who was either a doorkeeper or a burden-bearer, and whose official or trade description became attached to him until at last it developed into a surname.

What Am I?

MY form is odd; I'm neither round nor square,
Triangular nor oval, yet my shape is fair.
In every household, in some sort of way,
I'm busy every hour in every day.
My nature's cold, my temper quite serene,
Yet in hot water I am often seen.
Sometimes I'm dull and sometimes very bright,
And yet I've stirring times morn, noon, and night.
From high to low not one disdains to sip
The solace that I bring to parched lip.
Do you not know me? No, then I declare
Your friends will call you by the name I bear.

Answer next week

Musie Hath Charms Sometimes

A SOUR-LOOKING man opened the door in response to the organ-grinder's knock.

"What do you want?" he snapped.

"Please, sir, I am the man who has been playing the organ outside your house."

"Well, what about it?" asked the householder.

"I have come to thank you for some small contribution, I hope, sir."

"Oh, have you? I thought you had come to apologise."

Then the door slammed.

WHAT is the difference between an angler and a lazy scholar? One baits his hook and the other hates his book.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S FUZZLES

Word-Changing

Panel, plane, plan, pan

What is it? Haystack

Rehearsed Words

W-hale, h-our, e-late, a-maze, t-rain—wheat.

Jacko Has Some Friends To Tea

ONE morning Mrs. Jacko took Jacko out shopping with her. She said that she had a great many things to buy, and wanted Jacko to carry some of the parcels for her.

"We will go into the pastrycook's first," she said. "I am giving a tea-party this afternoon and must buy some cakes."

Jacko had a great time helping his mother to choose the cakes. He only wished she had left the whole thing in his hands, so that he could have bought up the lot. As it was he made himself so useful that before they went out of the shop Mrs. Jacko bought him a big Bath bun.

"I think you deserve that," she said kindly; "especially as you won't be in to enjoy the cakes."

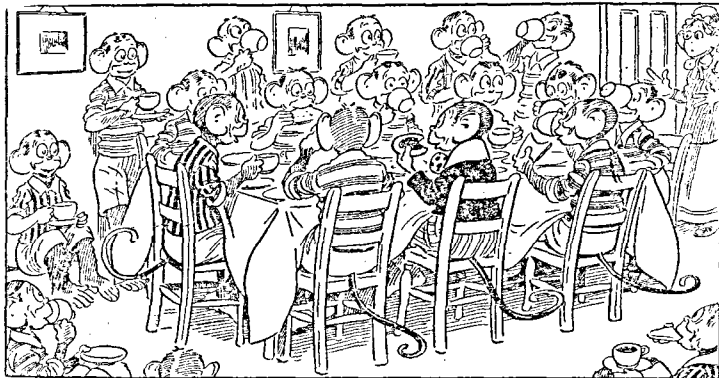
Jacko's face fell. He had clean forgotten about the football match he had promised to play in that afternoon.

"Perhaps I shall get back in time," he said hopefully.

Mrs. Jacko shook her head.

"I've never known it happen before," she said; "and I don't know that I'm very keen on muddy boots in the parlour."

Poor Jacko went off to his football match feeling very ill-used. The game was quite spoiled for him by the thought of the lovely tea he was going to miss, and when the whistle was blown for half-time he nearly decided to run off home and not come back.



The old ladies thought they had better not stay

As it happened nobody seemed to be very keen on the game. It was a very warm spring day, much too warm for football. When Jacko heard several of the players say they felt like a cup of tea he suddenly had a brilliant idea.

"Better come back with me," he said. "My mater is expecting visitors for tea and has got in plenty of cakes."

"Lead on!" they said, highly delighted.

And Jacko did; he arrived home with two football teams!

None of the visitors had arrived yet and Mrs. Jacko was upstairs changing her dress; but the tea was laid out ready in the parlour.

And a sumptuous spread it was too. Jacko and his friends simply couldn't keep their hands off it. They sat down just as they were in their muddy clothes, and, as there weren't enough chairs to go round, most of them sat on the floor.

Suddenly there was a ring at the bell, and Mrs. Jacko came running downstairs.

"Come inside," Jacko heard her say. "Tea is on the table."

And then she opened the door and showed in three old ladies.

They were dreadfully upset when they saw all the football players in their muddy clothes, and said they thought they had better not stay.

"Besides I doubt if we shall get any tea here," said one old lady, peering through her glasses.

She was quite right. There wasn't a thing left.

Ici on Parle Français



Le canif Le seau à charbon Un aigle

Le canif sert à tailler le crayon
Allez remplir le seau à charbon
L'aigle a son aire sur un rocher



Le piano Le veau Le poing

Elle joue admirablement du piano
Ils ont acheté un veau au marché
Ils se battirent à coups de poing

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town, and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1926	1925
London	6268	6790
Glasgow	1908	1960
Liverpool	1514	1505
Birmingham	1361	1401
Dublin	795	867
Edinburgh	667	645
Hull	458	446
Sunderland	290	359
Plymouth	254	293
Aberdare	68	74
Eastbourne	60	58
Cambridge	45	98

The four weeks are up to April 3, 1926.

Tales Before Bedtime

Dick's Canary

DICK loved the little birds which picked up the crumbs he put for them every day after breakfast. Dick's cat Pavo loved them too, only in a different way. She liked to catch them and kill them! This made Dick very unhappy.

But there came a time when Pavo had three lovely soft kittens to look after, and she did not hunt for so many birds. The sparrows enjoyed themselves in the garden with the crumbs while Pavo looked after her babies in their basket.

Dick was given a canary too about this time, and it would sing merrily in the window. Pavo would often look at the canary with longing eyes; but the canary would go on singing: he knew he was safe in his cage.

The kittens began to grow and to crawl about, and Pavo went after them, crying to them not to go far away. Dick loved playing with them, and Pavo let him.

One day one of the kittens was lost. Poor Pavo, how she cried! She jumped up on the table and looked at the canary as much as to say "I'm sure you've eaten it," just as she would have eaten the baby birds if they had strayed from home. But the canary went on singing, then it chirped and danced from side to side of its cage, and kept on looking down at an armchair.

"I believe it is trying to tell Pavo something," Dick said. "I wonder if the canary knows where the kitten is."

Dick went over to the armchair and pulled up the flounce:



Dick loved playing with the kittens

round it. No kitten was there. Then he opened a small boot cupboard beside it, and there inside, fast asleep, was the little kitten!

How pleased Pavo was, and the canary chirped merrily.

"Did you see it crawl in there?" asked Dick, but the canary sang louder than ever.

Dick told the mother cat that he was sure the canary knew where her kitty was, and had been trying to tell her. "Only the bird doesn't know your language," Dick said.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

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ENGLISH SCHOOLGIRLS IN PARIS • NEW YORK'S NEW SKYSCRAPER



Towing Up-to-Date—The members of a boating party at Walton-on-Thames the other day rested in their boat while a friend on the bank of the river towed them along with a motor-cycle. The Thames towpaths are seldom used now for their original purpose.



Learning to be Sailors—The London County Council has opened a school of navigation in Poplar for boys who wish to become officers of mercantile ships. Here we see a group of boys on the roof of the school building measuring the altitude of the Sun with sextants.



A Bucketful of Fun—So many new buildings are being erected in London that giant cranes are a familiar sight in the streets. Here we see a party of laughing men riding in one of the buckets used on these cranes.



New York's Latest Skyscraper—So costly has land become in New York that this immense skyscraper, the new home of the telephone exchange, has been built in a very poor quarter of the city, where it is surrounded by low buildings that emphasize the monster's great height.



Spring-Cleaning London—The beautiful Quadriga on the arch at Constitution Hill has been spring-cleaned. In this picture we see the workmen busy on the great figure of Winged Victory that stands in the chariot.



English Schoolgirls in Paris—A party of English schoolgirls has been spending a holiday in Paris. This picture shows them crossing the Place de la Concorde, the great square of the city.



A New Game in the Park—These London boys and girls enjoyed themselves the other day by beating time while two of their companions, dressed as Red Indians, gave a war dance.

HOW WIRELESS WAS HELD BACK—AMAZING STORY IN MY MAGAZINE FOR MAY

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